

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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November 27, 1946



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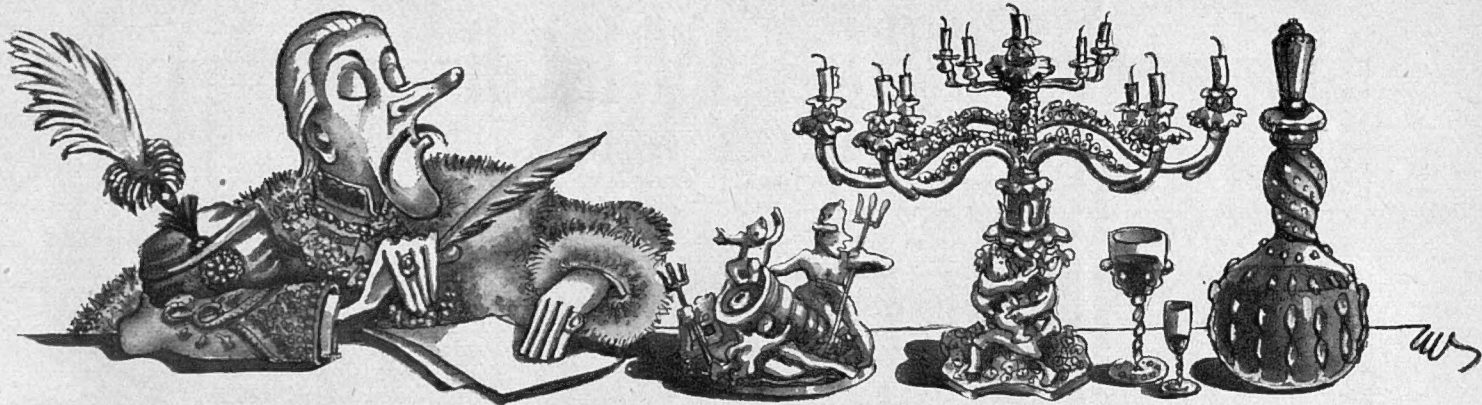
One Shilling and Sixpence
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Angus McBean

Coral Browne As Lady Frederick Berroles

Coral Browne was last seen in the West End as a most delightful Mrs. Cheyney in the revival of Frederick Lonsdale's play at the Savoy Theatre in 1944. She makes another success as Lady Frederick Berroles in the revival, also at the Savoy, of Somerset Maugham's comedy *Lady Frederick*. This play was the author's first West End success in 1907. Firth Shephard has taken the production back to the 1885 period and Anthony Holland has done a magnificent job with the décor and costumes of that period. Coral Browne, who was born in Melbourne, began her stage career in Australia. Her first London success was in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* with Robert Morley, followed by *My Sister Eileen* with Sally Gray. She has also appeared in films, chiefly British



Decorations by Wysard

Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith

I HAVE lately acquired a book that evokes a thousand ghosts of my adolescence—a wonderful album of photographs of Prague. I have never been more than a visitor in Prague, never broken my heart there. But since the election of the Habsburg Archduke Ferdinand as King of Bohemia four hundred and twenty years ago, in that desperate autumn which followed the disaster of Mohacs, Prague has been a brilliant centre of a culture by no means purely Czech, but rather international, Habsburg, Danubian, belonging to the world of Mozart and Haydn and Fischer von Erlach and Their Highnesses Princes Kaunitz and Metternich, and Mansfelds and Schönborns and Finstonbergs and Salmes in all their various branches.

Danubian charm and "lederhosen" and the whole racket of "Mitteleuropa" was gradually being rendered nauseous for us just before the Anschluss by the Austrians, who these days, I fear, suffer from being too clever by half. But the Danubian civilization, despite its chronic snobbery and stupidity, possessed many qualities which have on the whole enriched the world. I was lucky enough to see this civilization in its decrepitude perhaps, but in a decrepitude which was at least salty, and had not yet become mannered.

Danube Pilgrimage

WHEN I reached the Danube Valley, as a callow clever-clever donkey from Oxford, some nineteen years ago, my sole guides were the *Rosenkavalier*, some novels of Arthur Schnitzler painfully read in the original German, and Geoffrey Moss's *Sweet Pepper*. The word "baroque" I had previously heard only in its application to a pearl, or denoting something

Yet as I came over the hills from Ulm, through Augsburg and Munich to the Danube Valley, as I saw Melk perched on its high rock over the river, and at the Abbot's table took my first taste of almond pastry, the first symptoms of filial disloyalty grew rampant.

It was a world vanished now, through German and Russian stupidity; though looking at the lovely album of Prague I feel again a slight irritation at the incredible adroitness of the Czechs in slipping apparently unscathed through the griefs of the last eight years. Prague was the second foreign city to fall beneath the odious Nazi sway. But as one turns these pages of photographs, one sees it must have come off one of the lightest from our recent explosive follies. We must, of course, remember Lidice. But the other two legs of the Danubian tripod—the capitals I know far better than Prague—Vienna and Budapest—are almost utterly ruined.

So, in this album two summers of my youth seem to return. A hundred miles an

It was no doubt a monstrous régime, privileged, unjust. I can remember on election day, where there was no open ballot, those who dared vote against the government kept thirsty under a blistering sun in the middle of Market Square, until the docile, the reliable, had done their part. But when æons go by, what is



remembered? Not the slaves, the jiggery-pokery at the polls, but such elegancies as the Troja Palace in Prague, Prince Eugene's Belvedere in Vienna, and some of the Grasalkovitch houses in Buda—that is, provided no bomb destroys them. When a Communist régime produces one first-rate work of art, I shall be prepared to learn the "Internationale."

"I Don't Like France"

I HAVE been fascinated and nauseated by the case of the schoolgirl, one of nearly two hundred from Liverpool, who apparently at the expense of Liverpool municipality are to spend several weeks' holiday in Switzerland. This child, arriving at Calais last week, took one look at French soil, and then cried, it was not to her taste. Within a quarter of an hour she was on her way back to Liverpool.

If the child did not want her holiday in the Swiss sunshine, but chose rather the murk of Liverpool, she had a perfect right to return. But for overworked people whose hopes of going abroad have been repeatedly dashed for more than a year, this story comes only as an irritant. Instead of cossetting such ungrateful little creatures, why do not Liverpool municipality, or whoever is responsible for the "treat," spend their money on something really worthwhile—such as famine relief in the Ruhr or in India?

A "Socialist Foreign Policy"

LISTENING to the radio, I have just heard how the dissident Socialist "Ginger-group's" amendment on foreign policy found no champions when it came to a division. But over one hundred Labour abstentions suggest the disease, of which this amendment is a symptom, still rages. As I see it, it is all part of the campaign to purge and Socialize the Foreign Service. But if ever a department and a domain of State should sail high above party, it is the Foreign Service and foreign affairs.

Many supporters for instance, of the late Coalition, deplored Mr. Churchill's antics at

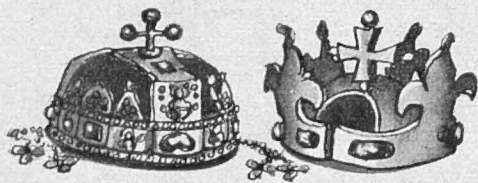


hour in Bugatti or Austro-Daimler along white cart-tracks, the evidence of one's mad progress billowing a mile behind one. Madame Sacher, looking like an enlarged version of her own French "bouledogues," being carried to bed up the spiral staircase from her bar, the disappearance corkscrew-wise of her button boots being a new sort of curfew.

Shooting Out The Lights

WHEN I went on to Budapest, at moments I could fancy myself in some Far Western gold rush, so easily, with so few qualms, did my young Magyar cronies shoot out the garish lights of the night-clubs we haunted. On we went to the country, and the white arched "schloss" with the caryatids groaning about the front door engulfed one. Uniformed Jaegers behind one's chair, old princesses at the horse races whispering to one how much more amusing it had used to be when they ran Slovak peasants instead of horses. . . . You returned in the dark from shooting woodcock, and played poker all night, to be ready for the duck at dawn.

A feather-brained, useless society, perhaps? Well, they have paid for their vivacious silliness. Those of my Hungarian friends who escaped German tortures do not seem to have fared much less roughly by Russian liberation.



extravagant and absurd, as my French connections used it, and as did Baudelaire in that immortal poem of exasperation which begins (I quote from memory, having lost both my copies of Baudelaire's poems through wicked friends in the last few years):

"Je ne connais pas de race plus baroque que les belges!"

My father, too, who did not even really like St. Paul's, would on supreme occasions of contempt trot out the word to bury Alexander Pope—his particular aversion—and all Pope's world, fathoms deep in scorn.

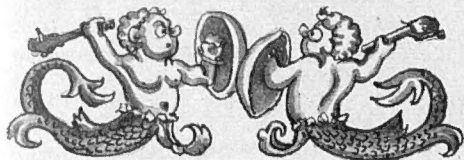
Yalta, not so much as a betrayal of Tory principles, as of British honour and security. Now, it is only human nature for a Left-Wing Government to find affinities among administrations of like attitude abroad; and equally the new American Congress might perhaps feel more at home with the last House of Commons than the present one. Yet the very greatness of British foreign policy, the success, notwithstanding all sneers, of our Diplomatic Service, depend upon aloofness from party strife.

A very wise Ambassador once said to me: "Any moderately sensible foreign policy, if consistently, steadfastly pursued, is bound to be successful. It will absolutely disconcert your enemies. At first they will read into it all kinds of subtle traps. And by the time they have realized it is exactly what it seems, it will have acquired a momentum they can no longer resist."

All reasonable Englishmen want the same thing—a world order—that will save us from further wars. It may be, of course that Dick Crossman is right, and that in International Socialism lies the key to international authority. It may be—in parenthesis—that the present Foreign Office and the present Foreign Service are constitutionally unfitted to carry out a "Socialist foreign policy" (supposing anything so specific existed). But if you had a purge of the Foreign Service and an era of foreign policy dictated less by considerations of security than by ideological Socialist principles, what would happen in the event of a Tory revival? Another purge, reducing the Service to the ignominious instability of some minor American district-attorney's office, and with a policy of zig-zags so violent, who would bother again to seek our alliance?

The Middle Way

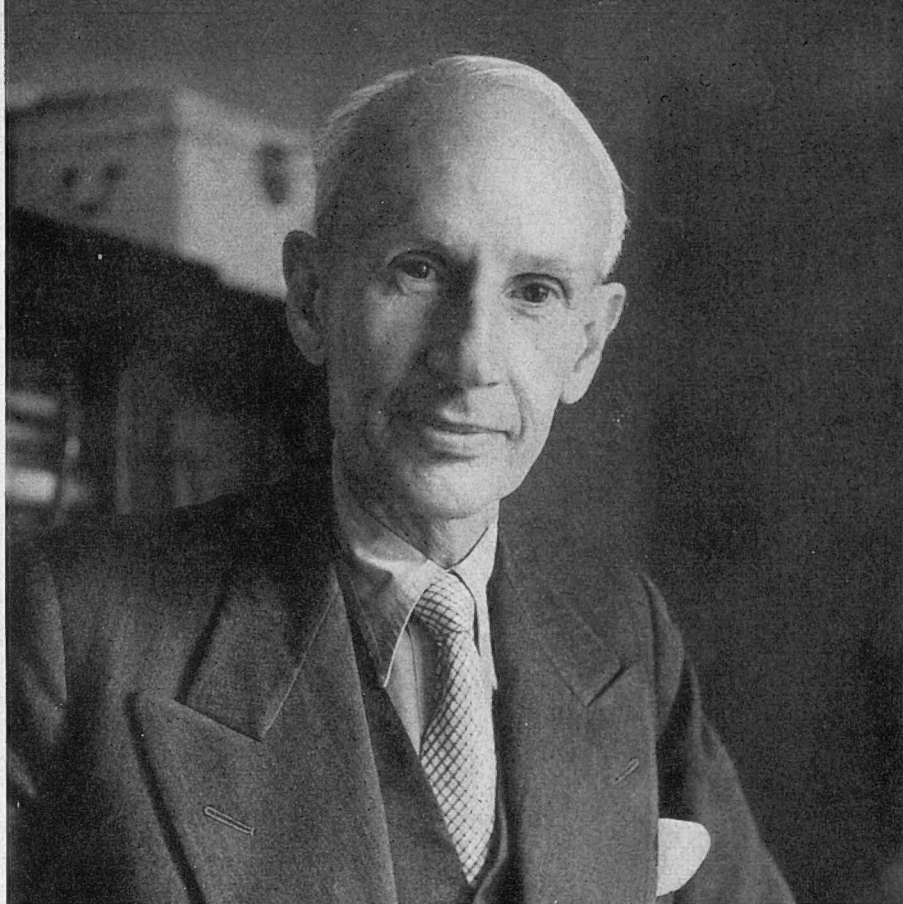
BUT the debate has served one useful purpose. It has aired a grievance which many people in these islands feel—that we associate our foreign policy too closely with that of America. After all, there are those who believe our



proper place is not ranged with America against Russia, nor with Russia against America, but midway between the two—not a "tertium gaudens" but a "tertium pacificans." Now that wars are no longer fought over who shall own some particular tropic paradise, but rather about what form of government shall rule some sooty and austere northern coalfield, no decisive issue can ever be possible. What good could come of an Americo-Russian war? Alas! They would not fight it across the Pacific, where their violences would matter little, but across Europe, a continent infinitely more important than either contestant. . . .

The Borgia Touch

FROM Madrid I have received an anonymous document, purporting to be issued by the "International Tribunal for Humanity and Human Rights," and sentencing Mr. Churchill, General Eisenhower, Monsieur Stalin, Field Marshals Alexander and Montgomery, with many others, to death, for planning and perpetrating a war of aggression against Europe. It is interesting to know that on May 10, 1940, Mr. Churchill "to prevent a peaceful solution at all means . . . ordered the British Prime Minister, Sir Neville Chamberlain, to be poisoned." Who will now say that our politics lack a true Renaissance glitter?



H.E. Senor Guillermo de Blanck, the Cuban Minister

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

HISTORIANS may well decide that His Excellency Senor Dr. Don Guillermo de Blanck, for nine years Cuban Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, helped the successful prosecution of the war in the most original manner. He ensured that, despite the difficulties arising out of war conditions, the cigar-loving British Prime Minister was kept supplied with gifts of the sunny republic's best-known product.

For many years a distinguished figure in diplomatic circles in London, de Blanck one day heard that the Premier was getting short of cigars. Before many weeks had passed, the Minister took a car, from which stepped two men carrying a huge cabinet, with a gift of 5,000 best Cuban cigars.

De Blanck was amazed, by the way, to learn that the Premier smoked ten a day. About a year and a half ago, Mr. Churchill received another enormous gift—of 2,500 cigars from Cuba's leading manufacturers.

De Blanck, one of former Premier's warmest admirers, recalls that he became attached to the Cubans precisely half a century ago, when he first visited the republic during the wars.

AT de Blanck's luncheon and dinner parties in the imposing Legation the guests vary from Mr. Churchill to ambassadorial celebrities, Cabinet notables, young Rothenstein of the Tate, and the League of Nations expert, Senor de Madariaga. Conversation is spirited, exchanges vigorous, stories sufficiently revealing to hit page one headlines—if, by mishap, a newspaper man should gate-crash.

The Minister has a notable collection of Napoleonic generals' and marshals' letters and documents, of Oriental snuff boxes, and of pictures, evidence of his colourful career round the world.

But it is among his many friends throughout Britain that he has a permanent claim to gratitude and admiration. In 1940, 1941, and 1942, when dire danger threatened, and the clouds descended, he did not falter in his implacable faith in Britain's victory. Woe, indeed, to colleagues who whispered of possible defeat, or breathed the need for a negotiated peace. The deep-sunken brown eyes sparkled with anger. The aristocratic head bent forward and an implacable voice dissipated doubt: "Britain has resolved to win, will win."

FEW men in the Corps Diplomatique have de Blanck's courage and outspokenness, have paid so dearly for independence of thought. Twice, indeed, he was asked to resign by heads of the State. Penury and hunger in New York parks, existing for six months on a pound of bread a day and milk, have not soured a great spirit. In 1929, slump year, he was asked for five cents by well-dressed men and women in America when he could scarcely give them the sum. There are, too, indelible memories of the early days of political exile from Cuba, inside a park on the Hudson. He walked every month to the pawn-shop, with a grand piece of jewellery, or a part of his father's collection of Schumann's, Beethoven's and Wagner's autographs.

In Geneva he appeared with distinction for many years as permanent delegate to the League of Nations, became one of the best-known hosts, was as versed in the intricacies of League procedure as the oldest of secretaries. At sessions and conferences throughout the amazing Geneva halls his silver locks, great height, fine carriage, immaculate clothes, blended with erudition and terrifying repartee.

THENCE to London for the opportunity of what proved perhaps the best service possible to the republic that was allied to us in both the first and second World Wars. Cuba recently recognized de Blanck's record by bestowing on him the personal rank of Ambassador. It seems a pity we have not, in turn, elevated the status of this mission of an Allied State.

The long, expressive hands and artistic fingers emphasize a point. De Blanck tears through sentences and speeches with a rapier, brings the discussion to the focal point, and smiles.

His Belgravia home in Wilton Crescent is filled with evidence of journeys to the farthest corners of the earth. It breathes the air of culture, of courtesy, and last, but not least, of unexampled generosity to friends.

George Bilainkin

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

One Thing and Another

"Must irony die?" asked Lamb. I feel inclined to ask whether the atom bomb or any super-bomb of this kind, or even super-super bombs could kill nit-witery? It is to be hoped not; nit-witery is one of the few remaining delights in a sadly impoverished age. I adore to read stories of how some casting director, strolling into a Lyons' Corner House, is taken by some nippy's looks, hales her off to the studio, does something to her hair and toe-nails, and announces her as the star of the film he is about to make of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. The next day he is travelling on a bus whose clippy accompanies him to the studio where, her ears flattened and due provision made for her fallen arches, she bursts forth as the star in the film of *Mrs. Dane's Defence*.

FIVE minutes before I sat down to write this article I read how an American girl of twenty-four with red hair and laughing eyes and a lot of sex-appeal had stepped the previous evening on to the stage of a theatre somewhere in Scotland and almost casually became a star. I like that "almost casually." I can just imagine what Dame Madge Kendal, or any other old stager, would have had to say about it. But let me continue with the new discovery. The play, it appears, was the story of a big-time racketeer outwitted by a dumb chorine, his mistress, who turned out to be not so dumb after all. And I noted that one of our best-known critics wrote, "A thoughtful audience was cool towards her for the first twenty minutes, but it soon warmed to her obvious talent and sincerity." Well, I suppose I am getting old and curmudgeonly. But I cannot help it being at the back of my mind that what that Scotch audience, and possibly the well-known critic, warmed to was the young woman's red hair, laughing eyes and sex-appeal. However time will tell, and if this young woman has talent I shall be happy to acclaim it. But it seems to me an odd thing that when I was young actresses had to put in years of hard work before they were hailed as stars, whereas now one is born every minute. Whence comes this extraordinary superfetation upon the world's normal stock of genius?

Which brings me to another subject. Why has this country no film papers or magazines which one might reasonably peruse after laying down the *New Statesman* and before taking up *Time and Tide*? I have heard dark whispers of the existence of trade journals, but I am talking about something different. I am talking about a little French paper called *L'Ecran Français*, established something over a year ago. This brilliant little paper started out with the highest ideals, and has managed, by hook or by crook, to live up to them. Its avowed aims were to strike a mean between nit-witery and the obscurely intellectual, not to clutter up its pages with pin-up girls, and never to accept publicity in the guise of articles. This paper, I repeat, has kept its word.

TURNING over some recent numbers I find an article on what the cinema intends to do about the current nonsense known as Existentialism. Now we in this country realise that Existentialism is high-sounding bosh. It takes a Frenchman to say that it is an absurdity which has made the mistake of putting the two feet of artistic freedom into the same trouser-leg. Articles on the film of Balzac's *Les Chouans* and Loti's *Ramuntcho*. And I have been particularly struck by an article on the function of music in the cinema. Surely it is time somebody made the point that to invite attention to the music in a film signifies the director's lack of confidence in that film. I daresay there was music in *Dark Victory* and *The Little Foxes*. If there was I didn't notice it at the time and don't remember it now. Whereas I remember a picture in which Anton Wallbrook—wasn't it?—mooned around to the never-ending accompaniment of that Warsaw Concerto. And how many times in Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter* did they play the Rachmaninoff? My impression is that relays of pianists had a go at it. What about a showing of *Brief Encounter* without the musical accompaniment? Would the film stand up? No, by gosh! Would a musicless *Dark Victory* or *The Little Foxes* still be worth looking at? Yes, of course. There is a moral here somewhere, but I can't think what it is.

The Killers (Gaumont). I have a confession to make. This is that owing to the fact that a taxi is never to be found when it is wanted I missed the first ten minutes. Whereby the

taxi trade seems to have done the film a great disservice. As far as I remember, Hemingway's story was about a young man lying on a bed waiting to be shot by gangsters as a result of double crossings; he knew that they would get him somehow, and what better time than the present? According to Lejeune, whom I would always take for my guide, the film's first ten minutes were superb. "All the later nonsense cannot take away from us the fact that for ten minutes we have had a pocket classic of the screen." Well, I missed those ten minutes and duly apologize. What I have to say is that I found the rest of the film enthralling in spite of the fact that I could not put all the pieces together. But then I don't believe that even if I had seen the first ten minutes I should have known exactly who was shooting whom and for what reason. When I see one thug knocking another down with a right uppercut and then kicking him behind the left ear I am satisfied. In these cases the film seems to me to have done what it is intended to do. I am tired of psychology and there is nothing psychological about a heavy boot. There are many superb performances, and I shall single out those of Burt Lancaster and Jack Lambert. Not perhaps the picture to take seven-year-olds to. But then I have not been a seven-year-old for a very long time.

ALSO in the programme was a short entitled *Tomorrow by Air*. All about bigger and faster aeroplanes. Well, I am just not interested in tomorrow by air. What I want to know about is today by air. I don't know what the chances are against being killed on any particular railway journey. Let's say one in ten million. Now what are the chances of a fatal accident by aeroplane? Shall we say one in ten thousand? I read the other day in the paper that some three hundred and fifty persons had been killed in aviation accidents in the last fortnight. In my view that is too many. I am not interested in a plane that is faster and larger. What I am interested in is one that is slower and safer. When I take a plane to Paris I want to be as sure of getting there as I am sure of getting to Southend by train.



Bette Davis in a Dual Rôle

In *Stolen Life*, a film with a strong seafaring interest, Bette Davis doubles the parts of an artist and her predatory but ill-fated twin sister

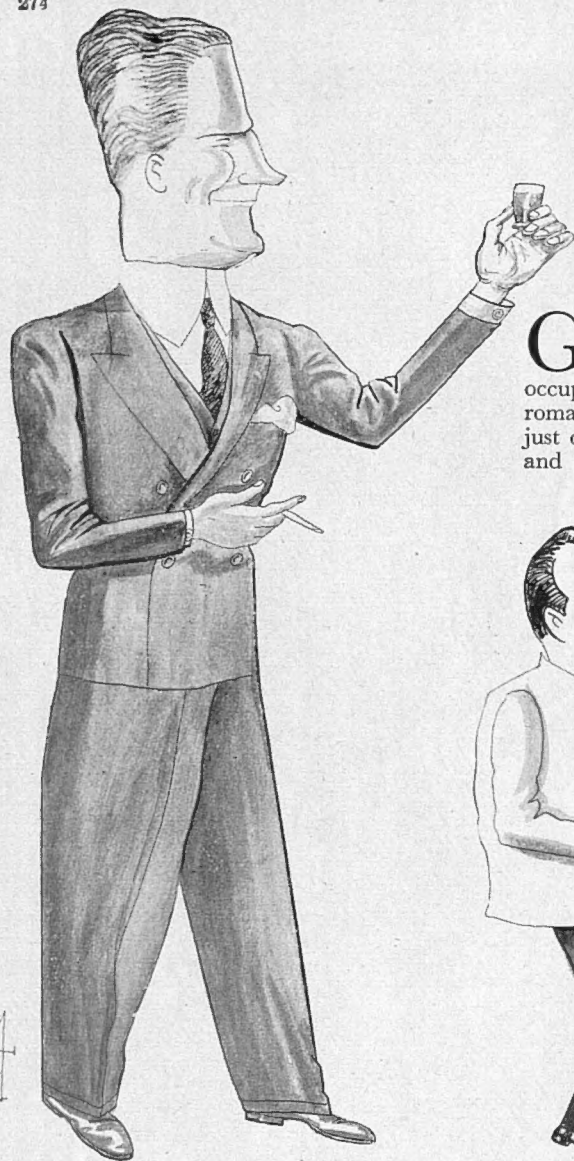




SALLY GILMOUR AND WALTER GORE

Photograph by Baron

Sally Gilmour and Walter Gore have for some time past been the leading dancers of the Ballet Rambert. They are seen in *Mr. Punch*, a comedy with choreography by Walter Gore, the company's latest production. This gay and amusing harlequinade is undoubtedly as English in its essence as *Petroushka* is Russian. Out of a puppet Mr. Gore has made a complete character with human emotions who has a zest for life and an overwhelming fear of death. Sally Gilmour, a dancer of amazing versatility, who can touch the depths of tragedy in such rôles as *Giselle* and *Confessional*, and the height of comedy in *Peter the Wolf* and the Tango in *Façade*, dances Pretty Polly in *Mr. Punch*. At the age of sixteen she made an overnight success in the part she created in *Lady Into Fox*. Walter Gore, who was the original Rake in *The Rake's Progress* before the war, intended to be an actor, but at the suggestion of Massine turned to ballet instead.



The Poetic Swain, Mr. Shilling (Harold Warrender), finds he can express his sentiments more fluently in verse



The Handyman and the Local Benefactress, Albert Briggs (Russell Waters), does not find he has much in common with Mrs. Heron (Helen Hays)

The Theatre

GEORGE is peddling disinfectants in one of London's dimmer districts. For people like you and me such an occupation would be no golden gateway to romance, but George is different. He is only just out of the Navy, and the square-cut chin and generously quizzical eye of Mr. Harold

Warrender tells us at once that he has brought out with him a pretty big slice of the Navy's well-known luck and determination in love.

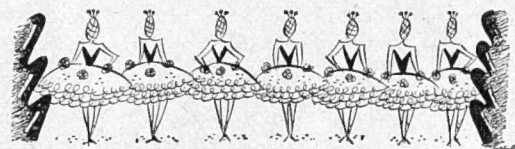
For instance, the pet bee in his bonnet is the professional woman. He abominates her pince-nez, her slightly flushed nose and her general air of having bid a final good-bye to the natural life of woman. And almost the first lady doctor he meets on his rounds has the fine eyes of Miss Elizabeth Allan, wears the livery of the highest fashion and is on her way to dine at the Ritz.

NOR does the luck of the Navy end there. Some man in her party drops out at the last minute. George takes his place, and having brought the elegant G.P. home, is rewarded with a little whisky, some playfully biological conversation and a kiss. It is, to be sure, only a cooling, medicinal kiss, but that is where the Navy's determination comes in. George goes away a trifle ruffled, but he comes back, he is always coming back. He cannot believe that such an adorable widow will continue indefinitely to give to a slum practice what Nature obviously intended for a second marriage. Neither, for the matter of that, can we. And the luck of the Navy holds.

Her manservant is an old sailor whose life George has happened to save, and he is naturally helpful to the persistent and not always invited visitor. Then events come about which tend to shake the doctor's professional self-confidence. A little more luck, a little more of the good old determination, a brief sit-down strike on the sofa, with feet in slippers and George is home—for ever.

As you see, a comedy which has often pleased in the past and may well please again. It would stand a better chance this time if

In brief -- THE "TATLER" THEATRE GUIDE



Straight Plays

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

Pick-Up Girl (Casino). Semi-documentary which takes place in a court for juvenile delinquents, very powerfully put over.

Vanity Fair (Comedy). Claire Luce superb as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, with Victoria Hopper as Amelia.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message For Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the performances of her career.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Derek Farr, Glynis Johns and Joyce Barbour in another very entertaining *Quiet Wedding* story.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans, Griffiths Jones and Geoffrey Toone in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

Caste (Lyric, Hammersmith). Revival of the comedy-drama by T. W. Robertson originally presented in

1867. Story is the result of marriage between the stage and the aristocracy.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Bristol Old Vic Company (New). "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." From November 26-30. Adapted from the novel by Thomas Hardy.

The Skin Of Our Teeth (Piccadilly). Vivien Leigh in Thornton Wilder's history of mankind in comic strip.

Our Betters (Playhouse). Dorothy Dickson and Cathleen Nesbitt in a revival of Somerset Maugham's biting comedy on Anglo-American peeresses and their behaviour.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Revival of Somerset Maugham's successful comedy first produced in 1907, with Coral Browne as Lady Frederick Berroles.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young as an old pawnbroker

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by

the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadiſtic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naughton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings all together on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Big Ben (Adelphi). Operatic skit on the House of Commons presented by C. B. Cochran with music by Vivien Ellis and libretto by A. P. Herbert.

Sweetest And Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall as deliciously malicious as ever in the third edition of this revue.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

The Shephard Show (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke are the leading lights of this colourful show.

"And No Birds Sing" (Aldwych)

Caricatures by
Tom Titt

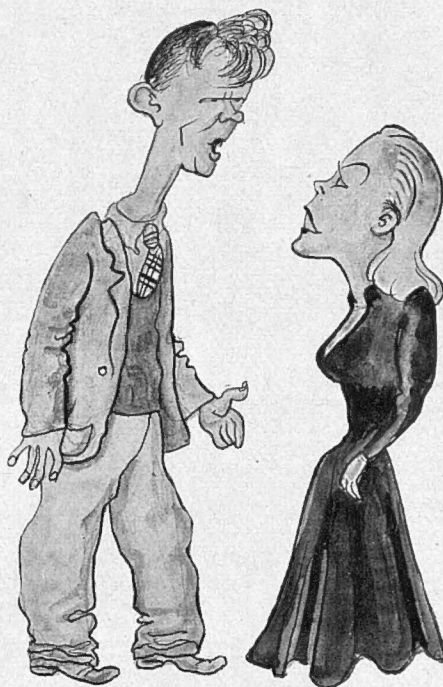
the authors, Miss Jenny Laird and Mr. John Fernald, had handled their ideas as adroitly as they handled their situations. Just as we expect a character to be lightly entertaining, he or she is likely to become enmeshed in some turgid discussion or other. What are the true duties of Woman, how much reformation can a slum child stand without incurring a nervous collapse, what is an athletic young parson to think when he sees a non-Christian woman as an angel, what are the relations of Church and State?

ALL these are themes which Mr. Shaw could set dancing in an intellectual comedy, but they are out of place in what is essentially a simple comedy of situation. They generate a great deal of heat but no light. They are dashingy begun and peter out, like those ambitious conversational rallies in real life which a good hostess kills by collecting the glasses for another drink. The risk is that for the more exacting these intellectual twitterings will turn reasonably sprightly figures of fun into a set of bores.

Mr. Warrender, aware no doubt of the danger, treats with all possible lightness the theories and poetical quotations with which the charmingly quizzical sailorman is encumbered. Mr. Nigel Stock has to take more seriously the theories of a young Scot trying to re-model into a wife a slum child already re-modelled into a feminist, but in a performance of excellent promise this young actor gives them just the right touch of simple vehemence. Miss Natalie Jordan and Miss Elspeth Seely-White as the slum children do exceedingly well, and Miss Helen Hayes and Mr. James Harcourt play with their usual skill characters who seem to have strayed in from a different kind of comedy.

Miss Allan is set to enact an enchanting lady doctor. She leaves out the lady doctor and presents instead the enchanting lady. This may be in part the authors' fault. They have neglected to write the doctor her perhaps obligatory scene.

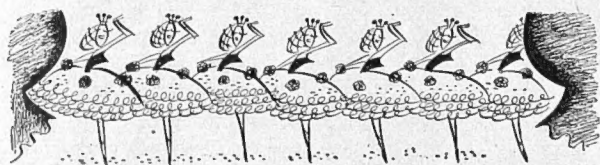
ANTHONY COOKMAN



Young Lovers, Kenneth Tweedie (Nigel Stock) who has something to say about the emancipation of women and of his girl friend Pauline (Natalie Jordan) in particular



The Delightful Doctor, Elizabeth Payling (Elizabeth Allan), whose progressive ideas cause so much trouble among her patients



BACKSTAGE with *Beaumont Kent*.

AMONG the several new productions before Christmas will be two H. M. Tennent premières, Warren Chetham Strode's *The Glean* at the Globe on December 4 and *Antony and Cleopatra* which, produced by Glen Byam Shaw and with Dame Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle, opens at the Piccadilly on December 20.

Later on the Tennent firm are presenting *Jane* in the West End. This is a dramatization by the American playwright, S. N. Behrman, of a short story by Somerset Maugham in which Yvonne Arnaud, last seen as Lady Kitty in John Gielgud's revival of Maugham's *The Circle*, will have the principal rôle, that of a dowdy provincial lady who becomes metamorphosed into a glamorous woman. It opens at Blackpool at Christmas before coming to the West End.

WHEN the "Young Vic" begins operations at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Boxing Day, it will be with *The King Stag*, a tragi-comical fairy tale by Carlo Gozzi, the eighteenth-century Italian dramatist and contemporary of Goldoni.

I should make it clear that the "Young Vic" will present plays primarily selected and produced for young people, but also appealing to grown-ups. The all-professional company is headed by Joan Hopkins and John Byron and the production is by George

Devine, who has been playing opposite Vivien Leigh in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. *The King Stag* will run at Hammersmith for five and a half weeks and will then have a sixteen-weeks' tour.

A REVIVAL to which many old playgoers will look forward is *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, which opens at the Embassy next Tuesday (December 3) with Mary Ellis and Henry Oscar in the parts created in 1900 by Lena Ashwell and Sir Charles Wyndham. I have always regarded it as Henry Arthur Jones's finest achievement. The third act is 'superb playwriting.'

WHEN *High Time* ends its run at the Palladium about next Easter long-necked comedian Nat Jackley intends to take a holiday in America, and when he returns I shall not be surprised to hear that he will join Hermione Baddeley in her long-awaited production of *Don't, Mr. Disraeli*.

Nat and his brother, Phil, who is also in the Palladium show, are proud of the fact that the entire family will be appearing in London this Christmas, for their father, George Jackley, the man with the voice, who for fourteen years was leading comic in the Lyceum pantos, will be the star in *Dick Whittington* at the Finsbury Park Empire.

EARLY next year the Daniel Mayer company intend to present some interesting new plays which will

tour before coming to the West End. They include *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a new version of the Stevenson thriller by Edward Percy Smith, M.P., in which Kenneth Kent will star, *Theirs is Tomorrow*, a comedy about varsity students by Guy Bolton, and *Off the Record*, a naval-political comedy by Stephen King-Hall.

WHEN Ivor Novello revives *The Dancing Years* at the Casino next March it will have an entirely new production. Joseph Carl, who painted the scenery for the original production at Drury Lane in 1939, is now busy designing fresh sets.

HARRY DUBENY and Bill O'Bryen are proud of the fact that seven out of a cast of eleven in *And No Birds Sing* at the Aldwych are ex-Service people.

Harold Warrender served as lieutenant in the RNVR, Nigel Stock was a major in the Indian Army in Burma, Kenneth Moore was a RNVR lieutenant serving on H.M.S. Penelope, Derek Tansley was a sergeant in the Royal Tank Regiment, and Natalie Jordan was in the ATS.

But senior to all in rank is Pat Nye who appears in the play as a policewoman. She was a super-intendent in the WRNS and was awarded the O.B.E. for her work on D-Day. Before the war she ran repertory at the old Theatre Royal, Margate.

SELF-PROFILE

Hermione Gingold

by *Hermione Gingold*

THE Editor's request for an article from me entitled "Hermione Gingold Reveals Hermione Gingold" couldn't have been more welcome or come at a more opportune moment, for unhappily, I have no one left in my own immediate circle that I have not, at some time or other, revealed myself to, not once, but at least a dozen times, and I find it increasingly difficult to inveigle any of my friends round for a nice cup of tea and an afternoon of self-revelation.

I am afraid that people nowadays prefer to go to a film, or rather selfishly want to talk about themselves. This trend of behaviour to a self-revealer of some years standing is a bitter blow indeed, and you can therefore imagine what genuine pleasure your letter gave me. My only difficulty is which of myself shall I reveal to

your readers. You see, up till now my audience has consisted of not more than one person at a sitting, and I usually suit myself to my public. This, of course, with your large and varied circulation, will not be possible, for what will be considered enthralling in the dentist's waiting-room may possibly be boring in the boudoir, and that which may be eagerly devoured in the Ivy may well be thought in bad taste in the more conservative clubs and in hunting circles. So, on thinking it over, I have decided to take an unusual course for me and come what may, tell the truth about myself.

I HAVE, since first I discovered the meaning of the word "schizophrenic," been rather nettled with the publicity these people get, and the

consideration meted out to them by friends and magistrates. "If only," I find myself saying to myself, "I were as lucky as they, and my personality split neatly into two, I should have little cause for complaint," but I invite and beg you to give some little consideration to one who has no less than five or six personalities* of widely different types, all constantly at war with each other and all requiring to be fed, clothed and housed according to their needs, when it is difficult enough in these days of shortages and coupons for me to clothe, feed and house myself.

May I put my case more plainly? I have most unhappily never been able to decide which of the following persons is my real self. There is firstly and foremost the ACTRESS. Her life is completely bound up in the theatre. She is rather exotic, doesn't get up till the late afternoon, takes no exercise, is affected, gay and, I hope, rather witty. She wears ridiculous hats, takes great interest in dress, uses too much scent, and is rather temperamental. Reads James Agate, the *New Yorker*, and occasionally dips into Proust.

This character lives in complete contrast and in constant battle with a rather more NORMAL TYPE who gets up early, wears tweeds and brogues, and sits around in armchairs with her legs tucked under her. When apples are in season she holds one almost permanently in her hand and bites into it occasionally, à la Bergner. She wears no make-up and fixes her hair for the day by going out in the morning and letting the wind blow through it. She reads Beatrix Potter and, thank goodness, only appears at weekends. I am afraid she will never grow up.

THEN there is the INTELLIGENT personality. She appears at intervals and stays long enough to write a book, a few short stories and revue sketches, and then disappears for quite a time. She is quite frankly my most unfavourite character as she shuts herself up with a pen and ink and never has any fun. My friends hate her as she slams down the phone on them and won't go to parties.

When she arrives the maid gives notice because she can't dust, as there's paper all over the house. This character has a permanent ink stain on her nose, wears an embroidered Russian blouse, bites her nails, and feeds exclusively on sandwiches.

She is on the worst possible terms with the good old-fashioned FEMME-FATALE. I am afraid I can't say much about her without dragging in a lot of gentlemen's names. I can only say I have during the war had great trouble with her clothes, but now sequins are back and things should improve. She wants to be a beautiful spy and so I have bought her a mink coat. She loathes and despises the HOUSEWIFE in me who occasionally takes it into her head to go to the kitchen and cook a meal, and what's more she's a very good cook, practical and economical, can whip up a magnificent soufflé and scrub a floor, and if needs be, mend a fuse and put up a shelf. I don't like her much myself, but some of my friends find her very helpful, and she is the only one on bowing terms with my BETTER SELF who has just arrived and, looking over my shoulder as I write, has firmly said, "I've never read such a lot of hot air in all my life, stop it at once!"

I always in the end listen to my BETTER SELF, and so, dear Editor, "I must stop it at once," but not without thanking you once more for giving me this opportunity.

*On the last counting there were six.

Born and educated in London, Hermione Gingold is the characteristic figure of a unique kind of entertainment, the revue with an edge to it. Treading the hard road to distinction through straight plays, her qualities as a satirist were first fully revealed in the Gate Revue of 1938, and have reached their fruition in the *Sweet and Low* series, ignorance of which argues an incomplete education in the metropolitan mood. Miss Gingold, whose husky voice and infinitely expressive face are the despairing envy of many eminent tragediennes, has quiet tastes in private life and her interests include interior decoration and collecting china



Photograph by
Alexander Bender



The bride and bridegroom cutting the cake during the reception, which was held at 23, Knightsbridge

WEDDING OF DIPLOMACY AND THE STAGE

Mr. Robert P. Chalker, Second Secretary at the U.S. Embassy, and Miss Edna Wood, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Sydney Wood, were recently married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride has been appearing in one of the leading parts in the revue *Sweetest and Lowest*, and she was given away by Henry Kendall, who with Hermione Gingold stars in the revue

Photographs by Swaebe



Ilena Sylva, who was in the cast of "Sweetest and Lower," adjusts the bride's dress



Henry Kendall, who gave the bride away, with one of the bridesmaids, Miss Dodi Melville



Mr. Henry Stebbins, First Secretary at the American Embassy, and Mrs. David Forbes



Hermione Gingold and Mr. Dorsay Fisher, Press Secretary at the American Embassy



H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Governor-General of Australia, and the Duchess walking in the 22-acre grounds of their home "Yarralumma," Government House, Canberra, with their elder son, Prince William. They are shortly returning to England, for the Duke to head the Council of State which will act in State affairs for the King during his visit with the Queen to South Africa. It is now spring in Australia, and the Duke and Duchess are making the most of it

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ENJOY THE SPRING



The Duke, who attended the Flemington Races with the Duchess, congratulates D. Munro, winner of the Melbourne Cup, valued at £200. Munro's time, on Russia, of 3 mins. 21½ secs. for two miles equalled the course record. The prize money was £7000



H.R.H. Prince William planting a pine-tree at a public function in Sydney. Scorning the heavy shovel, he set to work with his hands and feet



A charming picture of H.R.H. Prince Richard, younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who is now two years old and an adventurous walker



The Duke and Duchess opened the grounds of Government House to the public on a recent Sunday, to help the Victoria League to establish a Memorial Club for overseas students in London. The Duchess walked through the grounds in the spring sunshine with Prince William and Prince Richard

RECEPTION BY LORD AND LADY BURNHAM

THE Hon. Lucia Lawson made a handsome bride when she married the Hon. Roger Marquis, at St. Mary and All Saints, Beaconsfield. Her wedding-dress was of heavy white crêpe, with which she wore a second train of exquisite Brussels lace and a tulle veil edged with pearls and held in place with a wreath of orange blossom.

Her tiny bridal attendants were Bronwen Windsor-Lewis, Sara Flower, Robin Petherick and Michael Baily-Gibson. The little girls looked enchanting in long frocks of yellow flowered brocade with pink rosebuds in their hair and carried posies to match. The boys wore white shirts with yellow velvet trousers. There were two grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Gillian Bakewell and Miss Lavender Scott Robson, in long, gold crêpe dresses with head wreaths of gilded corn, ears of which were mixed with yellow roses for their bouquets.

The music for the service was beautiful. This was not surprising to the many guests, who know how very musical Lady Burnham is. Dr. Watson, the precentor and director of music at Eton, played the organ, and the Eton College choir sang, looking very picturesque in their scarlet cassocks.

THERE was a lunch for all the estate people before the service, and after the ceremony Lord and Lady Burnham held a reception at their lovely home, Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, which is full of some of the loveliest furniture and works of art. Lord and Lady Burnham, who are always a charming host and hostess, with the bridegroom's parents, Lord and Lady Woolton, received their guests in the fine library, where the bride and bridegroom were also standing with their two elder attendants.

The bridegroom served with distinction in the R.A.F. during the war, and the bride also did magnificently. On leaving school she became a V.A.D. for two years, and then joined the A.T.S. She was mentioned in despatches for her work in France and Germany, and was awarded a certificate of merit from General Eisenhower.

After wishing the young couple every happiness, guests proceeded into the lovely ballroom, where there was a delicious buffet. In another room there were some lovely presents on view, including a silver tea-strainer from Princess Mary, a lovely diamond necklace and tiara to the bride from her mother, who had also given her a fur coat, some beautiful glass, china and silver, and a wonderful display of useful things, including a carpet-sweeper, cooking utensils, fireproof dishes and a complete set of cooking-knives from her brother. Both fathers had given their children cheques, and Lady Woolton had given her son a car.

AMONG the guests at the wedding were Mrs. Churchill with her youngest daughter, Mary, who had announced her engagement to Captain Soames that morning. I saw Lord Kemsley with his son, the Hon. Dennis Berry, and his two little granddaughters, Barbara and Susan, who looked sweet in little red coats and hats, and Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden. Mr. Harold Macmillan was chatting to friends, and so were Lord Iliffe, Sir Westrow Hulse, Mr. Lobby Villars and Sir Harry Brittain. Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison were there to see their tiny granddaughter Bronwen act as bridesmaid, and so were Bronwen's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis. Mrs. Knight and her daughter, Lady Meyer, I met chatting to the Hon. Mrs. Wynn Williams. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, who brought their attractive daughter Anne, were chatting to Lord and Lady Reith, and the Hon. Andrew and Mrs. Shirley.

Handfuls of rose leaves in the old-fashioned way were provided to shower the happy couple as they came downstairs to go away on their honeymoon, which is being spent in Portugal.

Sanifer



The bride and bridegroom after the wedding, with the two bridesmaids, Miss Gillian Bakewell and Miss Lavender Scott Robson, and the bridal attendants

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE WEDDING

The Hon. Lucia Lawson and the Hon. Roger
 Marquis Married at Beaconsfield

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, lovely in a delicate shade of almost lilac blue, was in attendance on the Queen as Mistress of the Robes at the State opening of Parliament. The King's order that parliamentary robes should not be worn robbed the

PARLIAMENT REOPENS

occasion of much of its peacetime pomp, for it meant not only that the King did not wear his Crown—it was borne proudly through the long ceremony by Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke—but also that peeresses and the wives of diplomats did not wear full dress or jewels.

Among the smartest women I saw was the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, and well-known parliamentary figures on the scarlet benches included austere-looking Lord Beveridge, Lord Simon, who never misses the occasion, and Lord Sempill, wearing the kilt. Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, in mufti, and Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, in naval uniform, were others I noticed, and Viscountess Mountbatten was prominent in her dark St. John uniform on the side benches.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH honoured the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell with her presence at the dance she gave at her house in Hyde Park Crescent. The dance was a belated coming-of-age party for her younger son, Capt. the Hon. David Bethell, who is in the Coldstream Guards and is now twenty-four, as the war prevented any celebrations at home when he reached his majority. Capt. Bethell, who is A.D.C. to General John Marriott in Germany, was home on a few days' leave for this dance, and was an usher at the Butter-Wernher wedding. His elder brother, Lord Westbury, is out in the Middle East, so could not be present.

A dance in a private house is always so much more fun, and this was a lovely party with a really pre-war atmosphere. In this charming house, with beautiful pictures and lovely furniture around the rooms, all the women present seemed to be wearing their loveliest dresses and jewels, and there was no overcrowding, as Mrs. Bethell had had a tent built in the garden to give added space.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, who looked very pretty in apricot satin, dined before the dance with Lady Joan Philips at Claridge's. Other guests at dinner included Capt. the Hon. David Bethell, Lady Joan's niece, Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley, with her fiancé the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Wyfold, Brig. Norman Gwatkin, the Hon. Winifred Ponsonby and the Hon. Kenneth Davidson. When they came on to the dance they were received by their hostess, who looked charming in a dress of black Chantilly lace, with which she wore some very fine jewels.

AMONG THE DANCERS I saw the Countess of Airlie, her daughter and son-in-law, Lady Margaret and Capt. Iain Tennant, Mary Countess Howe, the Marchioness of Cambridge and her daughter Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Enid Turnor and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, whose niece, Miss Molly Biddulph, is, I hear, being married in London in January. Lady Smiley looked very pretty in blue; she and Sir Hugh Smiley had had a dinner-party for the dance. Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, who was escorted by her husband, looked lovely in a striped blue-and-white dress.

Among the many pretty young girls there I saw Lady Sarah Stuart, Lady Margaret Fortescue, the Countess of Errol with her fiancé Mr. Ian Moncrieffe, the Hon. Caroline Cust, who came with Mrs. Robert Grimston, Miss Annabel Newman, Miss Susan Birkin, Viscountess Anson, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, looking lovely in black tulle, and the Earl of Dudley's two attractive nieces, Miss Gillian and Miss Sally Benson, who came with a party. Capt. Simon Combe was accompanied by his pretty little wife, Lady Sylvia Combe, who spends much of her time at their home in Norfolk. Another member of her family at the party was the Hon. Roger Coke.

Pipers of the Scots Guards played for the reels which were danced by Princess Elizabeth and most of the guests present, and were greatly enjoyed. Many have since told me it was one of the best parties given for many years, they thoroughly enjoyed it from beginning to end.

QUEEN MARY is Patroness of the Oriental Ceramic Society, and showed her enthusiasm for Chinese porcelain by paying a private visit to the first loan exhibition to be arranged by the Society at 48, Davies Street. Although Her Majesty had always been chiefly interested in

CHINESE PORCELAIN EXHIBITION

porcelain of the seventeenth to eighteenth centuries, she is now taking an interest in the earlier wares, and much admired a splendid show of rare pieces of Ming Blue and White lent from various important private collections.

The earliest pieces date from the fourteenth century, *i.e.*, during the Yuan or Mongol Dynasty (1280-1368), and there are many interesting exhibits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The problems of discovering the exact dates of Chinese Blue and White are many, and to quote Mr. Honey's foreword to the catalogue, "these difficulties make its collecting and identification a difficult but exciting and at times rewarding pursuit." The reign-marks on a piece do not necessarily mean that the example was made in that reign, but may belong to a much later date, decorated in the style for which the earlier reign was famous.

It may, however, just be a modern forgery—so there are many possibilities and pitfalls.

The Chinese Ambassador was an early visitor to the exhibition, and collectors such as Sir David Home, Mrs. Walter Sedgwick and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce have lent pieces and came to see them. Others who have seen these lovely pieces include Sir Alan Barlow, Mr. Lane Roberts and Mr. Alfred Clark, whose well-known collection at Iver Heath was recently visited by Queen Mary.

THERE were many guests from the Diplomatic corps and the theatrical world at the marriage of Mr. Robert Chalker, second secretary at the U.S. Embassy, to Miss Edna Wood at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride, who was a member of the illustrious cast of *Sweetest and Lowest* until she retired from the stage a few weeks before her wedding, was given away by Henry Kendall. She looked very pretty in a wedding-dress of white crêpe, with a tulle veil.



Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd Gives a Party for Her Daughter Joan

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd and their daughter Joan, who served with the W.R.N.S. during the war



The Hon. Gwyneth Bruce, who is Lord and Lady Aberdare's younger daughter, and Mr. Michael Bendix



Lord and Lady Dormer. Lady Dormer is the Earl of Gainsborough's sister



McLaren, Perth

A Scottish Christening

A family group at Pitcairrie, Newburgh, Fifeshire, at the christening of Camilla, infant daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Cathcart. With them are their twin elder daughters, Clovannis and Miranda



Christening at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Party at the christening of the infant son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Leatham: Lady Auriel Vaughan, Major Leatham and his son, Simon Patrick, the Hon. Mrs. Leatham with Philip William, Viscount Ednam, Mrs. Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, and Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Morgan-Jones

which fell over her train, and carried a shower bouquet of gardenias. Her two bridesmaids, Miss Ilena Sylva and Miss Dodi Melville, wore long green dresses with feather head-dresses of the same colour. The best man was Mr. Fred K. Salter, of the U.S. Embassy, who was due to fly to the States the following day. After the ceremony the bride's mother, Mrs. Arthur Wood, held a reception at 23, Knightsbridge.

Among the guests at the wedding were Mr. W. J. Gallman, who is in charge at the U.S. Embassy in the absence of an Ambassador, accompanied by his attractive wife, whose pale-pink hat, trimmed with blue veiling, was the envy of many women guests. Mr. Dorsay Fisher was chatting to the Hon. Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, who told me she has now moved into her new home near Eaton Square. Miss Peggy Herrick came with her mother, who is here on a visit from the States. Another traveller there was Mr. Robert Coe, who recently returned from Rome. Mr. Tait, the U.S. Consul-General, was greeting many friends, and so was attractive Miss Zoe Dagg, in black with a feather-trimmed hat. Another pretty American was Mrs. Anderson, in black with touches of white and a feathered hat; she has recently arrived from Peru. Mr. Cabot Coville, a member of the Embassy staff, arrived at the wedding with Miss Louise MacMillan, who wore the cutest green and white hat with her mink coat.

Others there were Mr. and Mrs. Donald Calder, Mr. and Mrs. Avery Peterson, Miss Margaret Macdonald, Mr. Stratton, Miss Mildred Smith, Miss Doris Jones of the U.S. Relief Society, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who have recently joined the U.S. colony in London. The guests from the theatrical world included, in addition to the whole cast from the Ambassadors Theatre, Walter Crisham, Prudence Hyman, Margaret McGrath, Margaret Leighton, looking very lovely, Virginia Winter, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pemberton, George Carden and Richard Curnock.

QUITE a number of people came on from Prince George Chavchavadze's recital at the Albert Hall to the very delightful party given in his honour by Prince and Princess Vladimir Galitzine, at their house in Wilton Crescent.

PARTY FOR PIANIST Prince George arrived at the party with his charming American-born wife and the latter's dark-haired daughter, the Comtesse de Breteuil.

Princess Elizabeth Chavchavadze and her husband have not been in London since the war, so everyone was especially pleased to see them both again. The Princess, who had arrived in town from Venice only a day or two before the concert, looked extremely smart in black and talked for some time to Sir Michael Duff. Princess Vladimir Galitzine, also in black, wore a lovely silver-fox cape. She was kept busy

showing admiring guests the lovely old art treasures which she and Prince Vladimir have arranged with such perfect taste. Kathleen Lady Domville was there, too, and I also met the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin, over from France, where she has a house in the country near Paris.

The Hon. Richard Hare came with his clever wife—Dora Gorvine, the sculptress—while another young married couple at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fleetwood-Hesketh.

During the war Princess Chavchavadze won great praise for her magnificent work for the French Army in Italy. She ran an ambulance unit. Princess Chavchavadze's fine old fourteenth-century castle, Vinciliata, near Florence, was seized by the Fascists and turned into a prison camp for British officers. Luckily, although for a time very much in the front line, it suffered little damage.

VISCOUNTESS DANGAN WAS AT HOME in Egerton

Gardens for a committee meeting to arrange a Christmas Ball in aid of the Princess Louise Kensington Hospital for Children, to be held at the Dorchester on December 20th. This promises to be a really good dance, with a committee of young people who are all getting up parties for the ball.

COMING EVENTS

Other dates I have put in my diary for December are Monday, the 2nd, when there is to be a ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Red Cross, organised again by a young committee who have made tickets £1 10s. each and have got the band of the Coldstream Guards to play. On the same day there will be a United Charities Fair at the Dorchester Hotel from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., an excellent opportunity to do your Christmas shopping.

Another splendid opportunity to do this will be at the S.S.A.F.A. Christmas stalls in the Central Hall, Westminster, on Thursday and Friday, December 19th and 20th. This is instead of the S.S.A.F.A. Christmas-tree Sale held in Rootes' showrooms for the past three years. Many thousands of people know what excellent things S.S.A.F.A. sold there, and I'm told they will have as good presents as ever at the Central Hall. And don't forget Christmas seals. The National Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis sell the gayest greetings seals to stick on your letters and parcels. Their address is Tavistock House North, W.C.1.

On December 6th the Countess of Malmesbury, with a hard-working committee, has organised the Hampshire Ball to be held in the Guildhall, Winchester, also in aid of the Red Cross. This promises to be a bright and gay affair, and many people in the district are having house-parties for it.

On December 10th there is to be another big ball at the Albert Hall, this time in aid of that very good cause, the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation.



Four Generations

The Dowager Countess of Harcourt with her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland (right), her granddaughter, Mrs. John Elliot, wife of Captain J. W. O. Elliot, and her great-grandson, Hugh Elliot, who was christened recently



At the Savoy Chapel

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Featherstone-Witty with their infant son, who was christened Mark Philip. The godparents were Marie Lady Hood, the Hon. Katherine Bruce, Mrs. Michael Hopwood and Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Cross



The Master, Major S. G. R. Barratt, arriving with the hounds at a meet of the Old Berkeley (East) at Ashley Green, near Chesham, Bucks

English and Scottish Meets

Further Scenes at the Opening of the Hunting Season



Mrs. Hutchison-Bradburne gives a stirrup-cup to the huntsman, Will Hanley, of the Fife



Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Birley and their daughter at the opening meet of the Southdown, held at Ringmer, near Lewes



Lady Margaret McCausland and her son Antony at the opening meet of the Enfield Chase at Essendon Place, near Hatfield



A young follower of the Fife, five-year-old Caroline Hutchison, of Collessie, has a few words with her pony Peggy



At the meet of the Perth Drag in the Perth Royal Infirmary grounds, Frances Fordyce, aged seven, keeps a proud eye on her pony



The hunt moves off from the meet at Langham, near Oakham, led by Col. Heber Percy, one of the Joint-Masters. The other Joint-Master is Sir Henry Tate

With the Cottesmore

Followers of One of the Oldest Hunts Meet Near Oakham



Mrs. William Smith was one of the followers at the Langham meet



Mrs. Whaley was among those who were wearing hunt caps



Mr. Gordon Colman, who is a former Joint-Master of the Belvoir



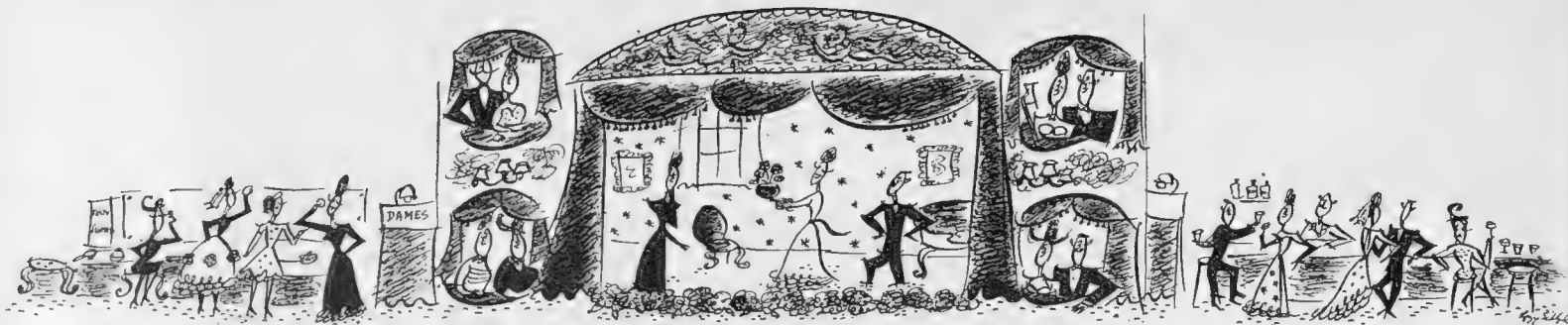
Mrs. Kessler was waiting for her horse to arrive at the meet. The field enjoyed good sport under excellent conditions



Major Hanbury, who is a well-known point-to-point rider, was also there. The Cottesmore dates from the mid-17th century



Lady Helena Hilton-Green, who lives at Langham, is the youngest of Earl Fitzwilliam's three sisters



Priscilla in Paris

Spirits Blithe and Bitter

ONE of the great pleasures of leaving Paris resides in the joy one feels on returning to it! This may sound a bit Irish, but I think it expresses what I mean. Certainly the noise and the fuss of the traffic give an air of gaiety that I missed in London. It is a spurious gaiety, no doubt, but all the same it counts. I was also glad to be driving on the right side of the street once more and discovered, with satisfaction, that I have not quite lost the knack of dodging through the maze of honk-honking taxis when I am on foot, without a thought for the "official" crossings, a thing I never dared to do in London.

The return journey was on a glorious Chabanesque day, and if I dropped a tear as the white cliffs receded in a golden haze, it was soon mopped up, as I intend to return to the land of my birth—if only for a week-end—as soon as I can save up for the Golden Arrow again, which is really the only way of travelling *de luxe* and feeling safe.

People ask me why I don't fly. I hate to have to admit that I am scared stiff of altitudes, and of coming down rather quickly at the wrong time. I know that there are parachutes, but I have always hated the sinking feeling, even of a mere lift, and what is a parachute other than a glorified personal lift . . . or should I say descent? When a train comes to grief one always has the feeling that one may have the luck to dodge a splinter, and if a boat goes down, one has a swimming chance; but there is something so awfully definite about dropping a few thousand feet.

I ARRIVED home in time for the *répétition générale* of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, adapted by Jacques Nathanson and Virginia Vernon under the clever title of *Jeux d'Esprits*. It is to V.V. that French playgoers also owe *Private Lives*, *Journey's End* and *Victoria Regina*, for which I personally award her a ribbon of any pretty colour she chooses, to add to the many that have been awarded to her for war services.

Whether one likes the stage play or the film version best will ever remain a vexed question. Both form perfect entertainments, but I rather wish I had seen the play first instead of its being the other way round. The stage exit of the husband, leaving his invisible wives

throwing the furniture about, is not nearly so good as the film-ending when he, in pale and ghostly garb, suddenly plumps down between the two ethereal wraiths who are sitting on the parapet of the bridge waiting for the accident that brings him to them.

The French version at the Madeleine Theatre is brilliantly played by Renée Devillers as the second wife and by a screen star, Simone Renant, who has been—or will be—seen in London. The husband is Robert Murzeau, and the role of the medium is one of the finest creations of that very clever comédienne Jeanne Fusier-Gir. But, oh, how I loathe the long intervals of the Paris theatres that are scheduled to begin at nine o'clock (it is usually a quarter-past before the curtain goes up), and end well past midnight when one has to scamper to catch the last Metro. These entr'actes are not so bad at premières because one meets one's friends, but how can every-evening audiences put up with them? It is true that it takes a certain time, in the free-fight-for-all that goes on round the buffet, to get served with the glass of synthetic lemon-or-orangeade—no chance of a cup of coffee—or for the belated spectator to find a programme seller, but the wait of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes between the acts is a tedious business if one is neither thirsty nor in a gossiping mood.

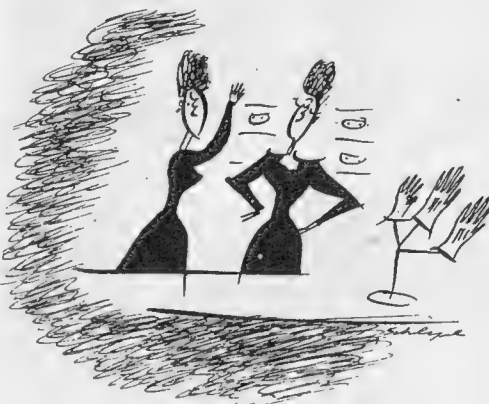
I met Paul Achard at the *Blithe Spirit générale* and told him I had had the pleasure, invited

by Mr. and Mrs. E. Cork, of lunching in London with Norman Hunter, whose play, *According to Evidence*, he has adapted and will shortly produce at the Potinière under the title *Chiche*, an almost untranslatable, semi-argotic word meaning, in American, "a chip on the shoulder" or, in English, "I dare you to do it." When I told Achard that Norman Hunter and his charming Belgian wife were coming over for the première, he laughed somewhat nervously and remarked: "I hope he recognises his play!" French adaptors have a way of what they call "parisianising" British plays that, to my way of thinking, is usually a mistake, but in this case, given Paul Achard's experience as a playwright, it would be rash to form an opinion in advance.

"BLITHE SPIRIT," thanks be, was not tortured out of recognition, and the play had a great success. One of the few lines added was an amusing gag. It was when the husband speaks of his first wife's death and says that she laughed so much while listening to a B.B.C. broadcast during her convalescence after pneumonia that she ruptured a blood vessel, and he adds "this would not have happened if she had been listening to the French radio!" The audience howled with joy, for the Paris radio is quite the most boring affair on earth. Two people, however, did not join in the mirth, and they were Mme. Simone and her stepson, Wladimir Porché, who is director-general of the Radio Française.

Mme. Simone's play, *Le lever du Soleil*, that was to have had a gala send-off at the Salle Luxembourg (the new annexe of the Comédie Française), has been indefinitely postponed, and this was announced on the morning of the day when the première ought to have taken place. The Comédie had been rehearsing the play for months, and only at the last moment did the new management that orders the famous old Théâtre National realise that the scenery, costumes and acting were utterly inadequate. Alas, alas, what is happening to that glorious *compagnie*?

THE great theatrical event of the week here is the Jean-Paul Sartre production that took place last night, *Morts Sans Sepulture*





Et, avec ça, Madame?

● The regrettable manners of certain shop assistants have to be experienced to be believed, but in Paris one fondly imagines it is because the poor creatures suffered so long from the insolent demands of the Occupants that their rudeness became a form of patriotism. Anything was good enough for the Boche. But recently a weary shopper was disillusioned on hearing the following conversation:

First Sales Lady to her accomplice: "Where's that box of No. 5 gloves?"

Second Sales Lady: "Dunno! Find it yourself!"

First Sales Lady: "How dare you speak to me like that? I'm not a customer."



(The Unburied Dead) and Elizabethan John Ford's *La Putain Respectueuse* (The Respectful W——). These two plays are going to fill the theatre for months, maybe years. I am not a Sartre "fan," but it is undeniable that his plays—especially of the *Huis Clos* order—have an immense attraction for a certain public.

Morts Sans Sepulture, a Resistance episode, is a résumé of all the horrors we have heard about, that have caused the death of so many dear ones, and that some of us have lived through, wondering we did not go mad. An entirely unnecessary play. A perfect exhibition of bad taste and a medley of Grand-Guignol and pretentious literature, but, I repeat, it will probably fill the theatre for months, given the times we live in.

As for John Ford's *Respectful So-and-So*, it is amusing if one likes the sort of humour that is both dirty and cruel, and I propose to say more about this next week, as when the curtain fell on the first tableau the hands of the clock above the proscenium arch marked forty-five minutes after midnight and the last Metro train goes through the nearby Strasbourg-St. Denis station at twelve-fifty. I caught it by the paint of its buffers, went home . . . and had a bath.



Baron

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, philosopher and dramatist, is a phenomenon of post-war France whose significance is not yet clear. Whether his plays are good enough theatre to support the reputation of the portentously-named cult of Existentialism, of which he is high priest; or whether that cult, being close to the prevailing Gallic mood, gives his plays an attraction they would not otherwise possess, are piquant subjects for discussion.

His *Huis Clos* ("Vicious Circle") had a mixed reception when produced here, after the ban on it had been lifted, and his latest work, *Morts Sans Sepulture*, referred to by Priscilla, has caused a sensation in Paris. It deals with a group of Resistance fighters waiting in a cell for execution, and their comments on one of their number who has killed himself by jumping into the courtyard. Its grimness is never lightened, and some spectators have been seen flying into the lobbies, unnerved by the scenes of torture.

Sartre lives a life of defiant rather than necessary simplicity. His Existentialism appears to be a kind of inverted idealisation of the present, however revolting its circumstances, and a dismissal of the past and future as illusions. This is clearly a reflection of France's crisis of history and culture during the Occupation, but whether it represents a new and enduring pattern in the fabric of French civilisation has yet to be seen.

A MEMORABLE PRODUCTION OF "KING LEAR"

Laurence Olivier, in his own production of the Old Vic *King Lear*, at the New Theatre, masters the "unactable" leading role. The incidental music has been written by Alan Rawsthorne, and the scenery and costumes are by Roger Furse



Margaret Leighton as Regan, the second of King Lear's ungrateful daughters. Among her crimes are the driving of her old father from her home and the gouging out of Gloucester's eyes. Eventually she meets her death by poison at the hand of her equally odious elder sister

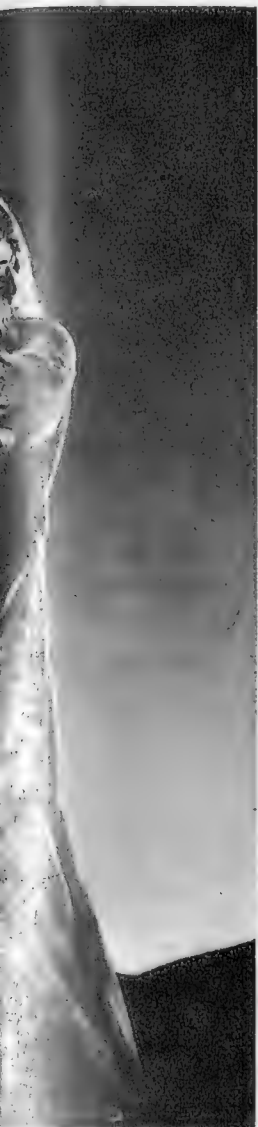


Turned from his daughter Regan's house, Lear, gone, roams about in the storm. He is a feeble, pale and anxious fool (Alec Guinness), pale and anxious



Lear curses his eldest daughter for driving him from his home. Now that he is alone, he curses his daughters

EAR"



Lear, his reason
conquered by his faith-
less, his master's plight

Laurence Olivier in his very effective make-up for King Lear. In this difficult part, so long a bogey to actors and producers, he gives one of the most distinguished performances of his career

Photographs by John Vickers



er Goneril (Pamela Brown) for her unkindness
longer king in his own country, he finds that
winning smiles hide hearts of stone



Lear, now raving mad, shelters from the fury of the storm in a shepherd's hut in the company of his fool, Poor Tom, who is Gloucester's son disguised, and his faithful friend, the Earl of Kent

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

ARCHÆOLOGISTS (we know one) are cool and cynical devils, so it's no surprise to find them, as recently, buying Black Market Egyptian mummies from lorry-drivers in Rome; except that this implies a certain amount of physical activity, to which archæologists are greatly averse.

Receiving stolen goods certainly makes a change from lounging in a shady tent by the "dig" all day, listening to One-Eye Ibrahim harrying the sunscorched locals.

Take up the White Man's Burden—
Ye shall not count the price—
The endless double sniffers,
The soda and the ice . . .

Meanwhile the Brown Man's Burden, which the Poet of Empire so loftily ignored, is increasing. Visiting tourists, for whom the "dig" was once so successfully salted with attractive finds, will for some time be fewer, and far more cagey. Many a bitter little nasal song to this effect will rise on the evening air, no doubt.

The moon is full, the jackals howl, the wind
sings to the Desert;
O Father of the Spade,
O Protector of the Poor,
Where are the dopes-in-topees and their
camel-like mates?

It is not the big boys' fault, of course, sniffy about tourists as they are ("Suckers, from yonder Pyramids ten centuries of archæologists look down on you," as Bonaparte remarked in 1807). It's the fault of those who educate the White Man and enable him thereby to read books by experts exposing the Brown Man.

Idea

DOWN in the Hick Belt we're still rubbing gnarled and earthy palms in approval of a farmer who wrote to a daily paper recently complaining of a cartoon representing a typical farmer by Fleet Street standards, and meant to be complimentary.

As the Press artist-boys never get nearer to the English countryside than Wandsworth they have an *idée fixe* about hayseeds which is impossible to dislodge. For example, all farmers go to bed at dusk in long flannel nighties with a 6" oblong slit at each ankle, gripping a blunderbuss and uttering unintelligible menaces

through a short wispy beard full of straw and mangold-chips. A farmer's wife is either a crone or a bundle, in both cases enveloped in a print sack of the early Victorian period. We asked a Fleet Street cartoonist recently why he didn't get round a bit and view the hayseed of 1946 at close quarters. He was, it appeared, afraid. His mother had told him of a globe-trotting relative who got into a farmyard in Essex and was killed by the natives.

We said: "Haden't he any trade-goods, such as Woolworth mirrors, cheap knives, rolls of coloured cloth, fancy clockwork toys, and so forth?"



"No need to get flustered, Miss Butler"

He said no, not a thing.

We said: "In every Essex village there's a headman or witch-doctor who speaks a little English. Where was he?"

He said nobody spoke English in this village. His relative was chased, it seems, over several fields and despatched with a hayfork. He finally showed us his relative's photograph, which explained it.

Check

BRAVE, hesitant suggestions for 1946 Christmas gifts in a once-dazzling Stores catalogue (what about a dainty plastic nail-file?) seemed to us to be dodging a burning current issue. A campaign for breaking women of the habit of expecting any gifts at any time till further notice would be the thing, we thought.

The precedent is already there, as poetry-lovers are aware.

Bonnie Mary of Argyle
Harped on gifties quite a while;
"Rab," she cried, "ye'll mind the day—"
Burns said: "Aw, go clomb a brae."

Another eminent poet also took a firm line:

"Look," cried Mary Godwin, "at
This too simply ducky hat!"
Whereupon the frugal Shelley's
Eyes went blank and dumb, like jellies.

Afterthought

IN more opulent days Oriental potentates had an impulsive way of presenting girls with bediamonded sacred white elephants, which not only tended to spoil the market for ordinary chaps but caused considerable embarrassment in Queen's Gate and Knightsbridge, S.W.

"I really don't think Esmé can accept that enormous elephant from the Maharajah. She's only met him once."

"Oh, Mumsie!"
"Hardly the thing."
"Oh, Daddy!"
"Blocking up the tradesmen's entrance, too."
"One doesn't mind that so much as the look of

the thing. I won't have my girls running round London accepting elephants from people one hardly knows."

"Oh, Daddy!"

"And all those diamonds. Bad form."

"Rotten bad form."

Today it is a small elephant of synthetic ivory, like those which globetrotters buy from hawkers at Port Said. The principle remains the same, nevertheless.

Out

WHEN Gigli of the Golden Larynx took the London stage as Rodolphe in *La Bohème* the other night he hurt Auntie *Times's* critic boy considerably by his marked indifference to Mimi. That is not Love as they understand it in Printing House Square.

On the other hand, Gigli is not the first to manifest this hauteur. Long ago at Sadler's Wells we observed that on the first entrance of Mimi—unintroduced—in Act I the Rodolphe of the evening realised that her people were not exactly top-drawer. A slight and increasing stiffness was the inevitable result. We thought the libretto should have allowed for this.

ROD. (coldly):

Your tiny hand is frozen—
You will excuse my glove?

(Drops Mimi's hand and resumes poem he was writing. Mimi hangs around, rather awkwardly.)

MIMI:

Oh, you are awful! Reely you are!
Ain't you going
To take no notice of me?

ROD. (repressing a slight shudder):

I have
Already done so.

(Resumes poem, which is addressed to a Mayfair deb. Mimi goes out.)

[CURTAIN.]

Footnote

AFTER this we wouldn't see Mimi again till Act III. Rodolphe's Bohemian chums would rag him about her at times, of course, and his nonchalant fiancée would raise a frigid eyebrow. In Act II Rodolphe would send Mimi some soup and blankets by special messenger. In Act III she would return to die, in her rather blatant manner. "You do know the oddest people," Rodolphe's fiancée would say, and in his stall Auntie *Times's* boy would clench his fists. Since Auntie went democratic . . .

Munch

CRABS, a research-worker reports from Billingsgate, have no objection to meeting Mme. Prunier's clients whatsoever, being stabbed



"How much would you charge to lose a certain party in the maze for a few hours?"



"Sometimes I think Flo's parties are a little too informal."

neatly to the heart with a stiletto before being popped in the pot. Lobsters, whose vitality is low, don't need any final attention.

This disposes apparently of the cruelty-motif so popular with indignant grass-eaters, or, as they should be called; Manichees; the boys who, like their Oriental-fourth-century spiritual ancestors, who took such a knock from St. Augustine of Hippo, spurn all flesh-meat as evil. Have you ever tried to visualise the original Manichees? Rather pale, rather spotty, we guess, with long scrawny necks and a glazed expression. Possibly some of the younger girl-Manichees weren't too hard to look at. Songs were probably made about them by swaying, tight-waisted Manichee dance-band conductors with glossy marcelled hair and Byzantine noses.

Manichee Baby,
I'd die for ya, maybe . . .

Shock

LISTENING to a tough critic-boy boasting in a club that nothing—*nothing*—in the way of dramatic experiment could surprise or rattle him, we thought how easy it would be to crumple up Fearless Freddie with a bit of really shocking drama we've often thought of in idle moments. Thus:

In a Mayfair luxury-flat a rich elderly woman is found stabbed in the back, spreadeagled in her evening gown (Chanel) on the drawingroom carpet (an Aubusson). Her maid has given the alarm. A rope of priceless pearls (Cartier) is missing from the victim's neck. The police arrive. The maid is briefly questioned. Her mistress frequented nightclubs and was notoriously crazy about a certain gigolo. During a search of the flat the gigolo—a typical one—is discovered hiding in the linen-cupboard, with the pearls in one pocket and a bloodstained knife in the other. They bring him into the drawingroom, and a detective says to him: "Do you know anything about this murder?"

The gigolo, who has hitherto not opened his mouth, says in a rich soft accent: "Man, I ken naething at a'."

Hardly believing his ears the detective says: "Are you a gigolo?"

The gigolo says softly: "Ay, juist a puir wee gigolo frae Embro, forbye."

"A Scotch gigolo?" says the detective hoarsely. "Impossible! Am I going mad? There's no such thing! Good Heavens!" cries the detective in agony to all present, "you'll be telling me next that the hero of this drama is a Dago!"

"Si, Señor," says a quiet voice, and in the doorway stands a tall, noble, well-bred Mexican, gravely inclining his finely-shaped head.

A double shock—nay, a knockout, as you perceive; transgressing not only every rule of British Drama but (a serious chap tells us) every law of God and man.



"Edward Mandinian

BENIAMINO GIGLI, the famous operatic tenor, as Canio in *I Pagliacci*, one of the three operas given when he made a welcome reappearance at Covent Garden recently in two special performances with the San Carlo (C.M.F.) Opera Company. His daughter Rina sang in supporting roles, and they are now on a provincial tour. Gigli, who was born in 1890, sang in his local cathedral choir and then studied under the celebrated teacher, Antonio Cotogni, at the Conservatorio Santa Cecilia. He was Court singer to the Tsar of Russia for some time before starting his operatic career.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THERE was a railway cutting beside a football ground. It was one of those matches where the referee was far too easy. Foul after foul; the game degenerated. Then, after one particularly flagrant foul, a train in the cutting let forth a piercing blast on its whistle.

A fan shouted to the referee: "Lumme, ref, even the blinkin' engine-driver saw that one!"

* * *

HAVING accumulated a tidy little nest-egg, the old farmer went to a lawyer and said he would like to make a will.

"I'll leave all my brass, house and stock to my good wife," he said.

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "What is your wife's name?"

After thinking for some minutes the farmer had to admit that he couldn't remember it.

"Well, go to the door and shout upstairs as if you were calling her," suggested the lawyer.

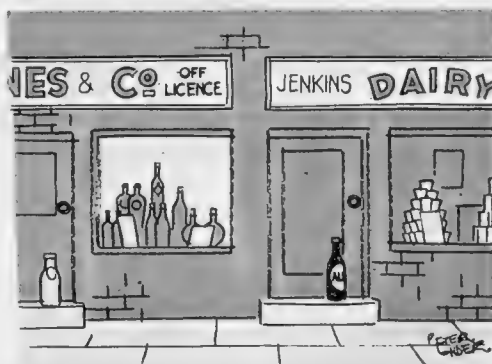
Hobbling to the door, the farmer opened it, and roared up the stairs:

"Missus! Missus!"

"DADDY," said the very small boy, "why has that car got an 'L' in front?"

"That's 'L' for 'Learner.' That means that the man at the wheel of that car is learning to drive," explained his father.

"And when a car has 'G.B.' at the back, does that mean the driver is 'Getting Better'?"



BBROWN was enlisted and sent to a camp with a W.A.C. (American Women's Army Corps) contingent attached. After completing his recruit's training, he was given a job in the W.A.C. barracks. Months went by and one day he was summoned to company headquarters.

"Brown," said the officer in charge, "Where have you been? You haven't drawn your pay for five months?"

"What," gasped the soldier, "you mean I get paid, too?"

* * *

THE Scotsman's wife had strong views on the subject of strong drink. One night her husband came home late and badly fuddled. He managed to get inside the house without waking her, and on reaching the bedroom he got down on his hands and knees and started to crawl along the floor. But luck was against him; his wife awoke.

In the darkness she mistook the moving object for the dog, and said, "Come on, Jack! Good dog!"

"Whereupon," said the husband the next day, recounting the event to a friend, "I had the rare intelligence to lick her hand."

Pictures in the Fire

Sabretache

THE nobbling scare seems to have upset a good many people, but the Stewards of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee have heard nothing about it, and this ought to reassure the racing world in general. The allegation was that horses were being stopped by being sprayed with acid on their bodies. The veterinary faculty very rightly said that this would not stop a horse. The only place in which it would have any real effect would be on a tendon, and this might be very difficult to accomplish without some "inside" assistance. There has been no report that any horse has been so dealt with.

Fifth Column Necessary

THE most-favoured method of the nobbler in the past has been the hypodermic, and this has also demanded collaboration from somebody inside the stable. Of other methods, the only possible ones would be by a ball or a drench, and these again could only be administered with the connivance of somebody in the stable. Nobbling is not a fictional story by any means, and cases could easily be cited in which it has been successfully brought off. Another little trick, with which I have personally come in contact, is the heavy leaden shoe. This was quickly detected, and not very successful.

It would be foolish, of course, to shut the eyes to the possibility of this nefarious practice, and the results of the examinations of horses' saliva prove conclusively that in some cases the wicked get away with it. This acid-spraying suggestion is, however, too improbable to deserve any credence, and, in any case, I think we can leave the Stewards of the two Racing Authorities to deal with anything of the sort and come down upon the offenders.

Aintree

THE highlights of the recent meeting, upon which it is necessary to focus our attention, were Prince Regent's reappearance in this country, his quite bloodless victory in the Champion Chase and, most of all, the announcement that Mr. J. V. Rank has decided to concentrate upon next year's Grand National to the exclusion of everything else. This is most welcome news to all the admirers of this gallant horse. If he had not run at Cheltenham last year—who knows?

There was some criticism of Prince Regent's performance, particularly of his slight scramble on landing over the water. My, *alter ego*, who had a close-up view, says that he stood back

a bit too far. Any horse jumping these big fences, at which it is necessary to stand back, might easily do this in front of that diminutive hedge screening the steeplechase brook. The best recipe for preventing it, so I always found, was to drive them so hard into it that they had no time. However, it was not serious.

Three Good Jumpers

THE next highlight is this nice grey horse, War Risk, who won the Sefton. There is not a man, woman or child in the country who would not be rejoiced to see Battleship's valiant young pilot send out his first Grand National winner as a trainer. Here is the best of luck to Bruce Hobbs! Captain Maurice Kingscote, M.F.H., who sold the smart and nicely-turned horse to his fair owner, knows what a jumper should be. Before he took on the Meynell he was very famous in the Beaufort country, and his polo career has likewise been far from undistinguished. The Hon. Dorothy Paget's House-warmer, winner of the Molyneux, has obviously not forgotten how to get across big fences, and I expect that he will be her first string for the National. A horse, or a man, who looks over the top and never at the roots, is a grand asset. Doing that, keeping your chin and your hands down, are very good tips for safety.

Lastly, many congratulations to Major Skrine upon his win on his own Martin M. in the Valentine. What grit to have a sound leg shortened to match a wounded one! Courage like this deserves an ample reward, and I hope there are many more successes to come. Major Skrine had to work his passage in deadly earnest to beat Clyduffe. Great work.

Equitation

THE study of this fascinating and highly valuable art from a medical point of view apparently still persists. Judging from my post-bag, it will take even the Leftists all their time to stamp out this urge to learn how not to fall off. Before even attempting to go any farther and answer some of the conundrums, the best way to learn how not to fall off is to collect as many falls as possible—always remembering, as I should like to add, the words of the learned Tacitus: "*Si cadere necesse est, occurrendum discrimini.*" Likewise a short, quite personal note: learn how to curl yourself up in a ball—and start rolling as soon as you can. I have found this pay good dividends. It is axiomatic, of course, that the faster you are going the farther you shoot. I have never

had one turn smack over on top of me in a steeplechase, but it is wiser to roll a bit quicker than he does, *if you can*. It is not always possible. The foregoing may answer a few letters—but there are others, and I guard myself by saying straight off that I am speaking purely from such wrinkles as horses have taught me. They are the best—in fact, the only real—professors.

Mounting is always more difficult than dismounting—and often more dangerous! How to make him stand still? A short answer is, "Don't try! Get on while he is going!" This, however, will not commend itself to any except the extremely agile. A very good way—so I have found—is to induce him to believe that the last thing you want to do is to get on his back. Take no notice of his vulgarity: slip the reins over your arm; stand still, fill your pipe and light it—or a cigarette if a pipe makes you feel seasick.

Don't Hurry

GIVE him time, and he will probably start nibbling the grass. Still take no notice: lean up against him, knock your pipe out on your boot, pat him and push him about, pull his head up and stop him grazing—but still don't attempt to get on him. Let him graze some more. Pull his head up again. He will probably stand quite still while you gather the reins short on the near side and bend his back right round. Then get on—and if he wants to walk on, let him. Stop him: dismount on off side—same drill as before—light another pipe. He will probably graze again. Let him. Then walk on with reins only over your arm—don't hang on to his head, whatever you do. Stop, pet him, let him put his head down and graze again if he wants to. Get on him from the off side. Let him walk on. Stop him and dismount on near side and again make much of him. Walk on and keep stopping to let him graze. Get on him and off him and let him walk on each time with the reins on his neck. It takes time, but it pays. You will make no progress if you have someone holding him for you and probably shouting groom language at him. This little *tête-à-tête* I have suggested is far and away the best way to teach him how. If he is very big and you are not, a good trick is to bring the off stirrup over and use the leather as an additional hoist. Use the right hand, of course, and hang on to it after you are up—in an emergency. It is as good as a sea-anchor if he starts anything more than ordinarily unpleasant.



To Play in the Oxford v. Cambridge Rugby Match

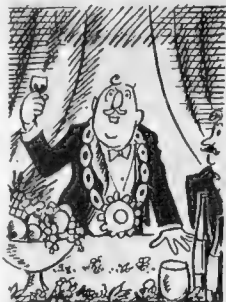
J. O. N. Thompson (Trinity; left), captain, and A. B. Harcourt (Brasenose), secretary of the Oxford Rugby team which will meet Cambridge on December 10th. Both are South Africans. Thompson was a fighter pilot, and Harcourt was in the S.A. Expeditionary Force

The Cambridge captain, M. S. Bodger (Caius; left), and secretary, Henry Kimberley (Emmanuel). Last season Bodger was chosen to play for England. Kimberley, who comes from New Zealand, was a prisoner of war in Germany, and is working for a Chemistry degree

Three Rhodes scholars from New Zealand who are in the Oxford team: Alan Stewart (University College), Martin Donnelly (Worcester), Test cricketer of 1937-38 and Oxford's prospective cricket captain in 1947, and George Cawkwell (Christ Church)

D. R. Stuart

Scoreboard



VENIT HIEMPS—as Catiline remarked when Cicero tobogganed involuntarily down the ice-bound steps of the Senate—and speechmaking is on the upward curve. Spokesmen of the Food Ministry, Cricket Mandarins, and Mr. Herbert Morrison vie with each

other for the Claptrap Championship; winner to hold cup for a year and keep a pewter replica.

An eleventh-hour and fancied candidate is the Mayor of a town in the West Country who, at a Reciprocal and Repetitive lunch given in honour of the Disappearance of Amenities, concluded his speech of welcome with the words, "And I can only express the hope that things will continue in the past as they have done in the future," then sat down on the floor. It's always the lobster.

It was in the same town that a Welfare Officer, an old pal of mine, was instructed from above to provide an evening's entertainment for the personnel, who were exhausted from watching the ebb and flow of the tide. He therefore engaged a spacious hall and two eminent ping-pong players from Mittel-Europa. Some 1500 spectators assembled and goggled at the brilliantly illuminated green table. The high-ups settled into the better sort of seat.

Everything was ready, except the players, who, by a slight mathematical error, had been invited for the following day. So the Welfare Officer, whose move it now was, asked the spectators if any two present would care to give an exhibition. A couple of Aircraftmen 2 rose, reserved their seats with Spearmint, and began to knock up with casual but seasoned skill. They then went into a short conference, and the spokesman of them turned to the crowd and said, "Sorry, chums, we can't play. Table's the wrong size."

IT is a thousand-and-one pities that Rackets, the fastest Courts game in the world, must remain so restricted in devotees and appeal.

As a spectacle, its offspring, the soft-ball Squash Rackets, is vastly inferior, though the professional masters of it—Read, Butcher, Dear—have done their best by introducing and seeking to teach the subtleties of the drop half-volley and volley, and the cunningly disguised reverse-angle stroke. It is a game demanding politeness and chivalry. Fat, selfish players can win by sheer force of occupation, but the remedy rests in the racket of the victim.

James Dear, Queen's Club, is, at time of writing, heading for the World Championship of Rackets proper. His final opponent, if he wins the second match against J. H. Pawle and beats P. Kershaw in the open championship, is likely to be the American, Grant. At Squash Rackets, too, he has no likely conqueror, now that the Egyptian Ambassador can spare no time for the game of which he was once the peerless exponent.

THE game of Badminton is suffering from the short supply of two things abundantly necessary to its enjoyment, shuttlecocks and afternoon teas. How many of us have felt their standard of play jump by half-fifteen, or whatever it is, at the sight of the well-covered trestle-table on the dais and of Mrs. Square-Bulger meditating punishment on the macaroons.

My happiest Badminton holiday was in the Channel Isles. There was but one court for some thirty players. Possession went to the quickest on the foot. Tempers became short: and high-water mark was reached one afternoon when an unsuccessful candidate for occupation, striking a shuttle with random violence, lodged it in the hat of a Seigneur's wife, who was emerging, at peace, from the withdrawing room. Happy days.

R. Roberts Glasgow.



Lt.-Col. P. Burton and Lt.-Col. W. Bersey chat over the coffee



Mr. Roger Wethered with the captain, Mr. R. P. Harvey



Mr. E. A. Stone, Col. Gourlay and Capt. Carlton Levick, the Society's Scribe and a founder-member



Sir Denys Stocks, Legal Adviser and solicitor to the Ministry of Agriculture, and Capt. Maunsell, R.N.



Mr. R. Farnfield, a triple Soccer Blue, and headmaster, and Mr. F. L. Griggs, a prominent civil engineer



Sir Herbert Walker, former general manager of the Southern Railway, and Lord Wardington, the banker

The Lucifer Golfing Society Dinner

The Lucifer Golfing Society, of which H.M. the King is Patron, recently held their first dinner since 1937. The Society was founded in 1921, and its membership extends all over the Empire. Once a year members are invited to a week's competition and dinner. There are three Life Presidents—H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and Sir Harry Greer

Tasker, Press Illustrations



BOOKS

REVIEWED BY

ELIZABETH BOWEN

"Back" "The Becker Wives"

"Grimm's Household Tales"

"Uncle Albert's Manual of Practical Photography"



"BACK" (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.) is the new Henry Green novel. This novelist likes his titles brief. You will—or, if I may say so, should—remember *Loving*, and, before that, *Caught*. At the beginning of Mr. Green's career we had *Living* and *Blindness*. In a less certain writer such abrupt naming might be a mere eye-catcher or affectation; in this case it is one manifestation of straightforward originality.

I do not imagine that Mr. Green sets out to be unlike other novelists; more likely, he writes in the one way in which it is possible for him to write, if he is to express his peculiar vision of life—could he not find means to express that vision, he would be unlikely to write at all. Under analysis, I doubt whether there are many present-day novelists of which this could be said. Most of us are content to borrow something. The borrowing need not necessarily be dishonourable—rather, let us say that most of us draw on a pool of accepted ideas and familiar terms. We also learn from each other, or, better still, from the recognised great masters of our profession.

Mr. Green, on the other hand, seems to have worked out his own technique from the very beginning: you might think he had read no other novels. The result is not chaotic; very much the reverse. The style is simple, the story clearly told—anything "extraordinary" (and he is an extraordinary writer) is below the surface. . . . I make these observations as coldly as possible, because Henry Green is one of the living novelists whom I admire most; also, I consider him to be nearer than almost any other to the spirit and what one might call the central nerve of our time (though there are, as you may at once protest, a dozen others who seem more widely topical). Therefore I feel a review of a Henry Green book deserves something more sober than a long string of adjectives and the hyperboles of enthusiasm.

"BACK" has a subject far from unusual this year: that of a former prisoner of war returning to the old scenes in England, trying to pick up the threads of his old life. Charley Summers lost a leg before he was taken prisoner in the 1940 retreat in France: on account of this disablement he has been one of a batch of prisoners allowed to leave Germany in 1944. The first letter he had received after his capture had informed him that his beloved, Rose, had died—died without even knowing he was a prisoner. She had been his childhood's friend, the love of his youth and, after her marriage to James Phillips, Charley's mistress.

All through his years behind the wire he has known himself to be in love with a dead woman; and we first meet him, at the beginning of the story, searching among the roses and cypresses of an Essex churchyard for Rose's grave. He meets Rose's stout, bereaved husband, James, sheltering from the rain in the church porch, and he realises that the six-year-old boy who has just ridden past the churchyard gate on a tricycle must be Ridley—Rose's, and maybe also his own, son.

Charley's search for what is left of Rose also takes him to visit her parents in an outlying Surrey suburb. Old Mr. Grant, genial, well-meaning, foxy, is in charge of his wife, who

has lost her memory after the shock of Rose's death: Mrs. Grant lives in a world of hallucination and welcomes Charley as her own younger brother, killed in the 1914 war. The ruling hallucination of the book is, however, Charley Summers's own: confronted in London by a girl who appears to him to be Rose's replica—only, "Darling," he cries, "why did you dye your hair?"—he convinces himself that Rose's death is a fiction invented by her parents and husband to cover the fact that she is living a life of shame. From then on, everything he sees or hears is twisted by him to make it fit into the frame of this delusion—of which Nancy Whitmore, Rose's black-haired double, living alone in her pink-doored flat with her kitten, has to bear the brunt.

EVEN, in his convulsive efforts to expose the deception, Charley takes Rose's husband to Nancy's flat. Poor stout James, barely seeing the likeness (a likeness which *does* exist, and has an excellent reason) is out of his depth and, in a perplexed way, hurt.

"You're not yourself, Charley, old man," Mr. Phillips said. "And I'm thinking there's the little lady we should apologise to," he added. "My dear, this is the war. Everything's been a long time. Why only the other day in my paper I read where a doctor man gave as his opinion that we were none of us normal. There you are."

"I'm not your dear," she answered. "And I'm not his lost one, as he seemed to imagine the last time." She showed, by her look at Charley, who it was she had in her mind. This direct reference to Rose, and to Charley's possible relations with her,

was too much for James. Yet he still remained polite.

"Well, I've got to get back now. I've someone waiting for me," he said. He closed the door gently behind him.

Back, as outlined here, *could* be a purely agonising or bizarre story. That it is not so, and that it is a good deal else, is a matter of what I have called Henry Green's vision, his at once fearless and tender understanding of human beings and their predicament. A rising tide of sanity is to be felt through the book, which has a sublime—rather than merely "happy"—ending. There is a sort of *rightness* about the characters: Nancy, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, James, and above all, Charley—ingenious, blundering, inarticulate, simple, with his "marvellous brown eyes." The awful Middlewiche and the egregious but ultimately pathetic Dot Pitter (the girl in Charley's office) are not merely grotesques: they are three-dimensional. Strung along the story are a series of apparently simple domestic scenes—at the Grants', in Nancy's flat, at James Phillips's—but these are charged with wisdom and poetry. Mr. Green is, in fact, a poetic novelist. He is also, here as in other books, master of an oblique drollness which is without rival.

I AM delighted that, in *The Becker Wives* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) Mary Lavin returns to the short story. That she can "do" a novel she showed in *The House in Clewe Street*, but I still think her powers ask for the other form. Here, in *The Becker Wives*, two of the four stories are of considerable length and have complex themes: both of these two could have been expanded into novels, but it seems to me a triumph of Miss Lavin's aesthetic discrimination that they were not.

These two are not only the best pieces of work Miss Lavin has done so far, but may, I think, be considered landmarks in Irish writing. There will never be another James Joyce, but Mary Lavin, from her feminine angle (I think it no reproach to say that she writes more convincingly about women than she does about men) seems to complement some of the scenes in *Dubliners*. The introduction of Joyce's name may be misleading: Miss Lavin is not an intellectual writer in the Joyce sense; she brings to her art, rather, sensibility, humour, pity, and an unconventional feeling for the picturesque.

The title-story in this book, "The Becker Wives," deals with a merchant's family who, in spite of wealth, insist on pursuing their stodgy way. His brothers' penchant for comfortable, dowdy wives and over-heavy family dinners is seen with despair by Theobald, the youngest Becker, a barrister with more ambitious social ideas. Theobald's alternations between frenzy and sarcasm have little effect on the placid others—James, Ernest and finally Samuel continue to bring home brides who run true to the Becker type; and Henrietta, the only sister, does no better in the way of a husband.

When, however, it comes to be known that Theobald himself is going a-courting, there is excitement. What will the paragon, girl of his choice, be like? . . . Brilliant, birdlike Flora, with her laughter and charm and genius for



The illustrations on this page are from Richard Aldington's *A Wreath for San Geminiano* (Heinemann; 5s.), and are by his wife, Netta Aldington. The book is a charming translation of verses by a thirteenth-century poet who loved the Tuscan town of the title, which was badly damaged during the war

mimicry, sweeps in and takes the Beckers by storm. She falls like moonshine across a stuffy parlour. But . . . "The Becker Wives" ends with a heart-breaking revelation.

THE second long story, "A Happy Death," is still more poignant. Here is the end of an idyll—the pair of young lovers who, years ago, eloped from a country town and came to the city "to be alone together" have become a middle-aged couple—Ella a shrew and slattern, Robert coughing his life away, their three daughters nervous and discontented.

Then, the husband is taken away to hospital: he lies unconscious—round him, the nuns and nurses pray he may be granted the grace of a happy death. The prayer is granted, but not in the orthodox way—up out of the broken man's unconsciousness wells the long-forgotten joy; in his last minutes he relives youthful love, and it is the golden-haired, smiling Ella of his youth who seems to be bending over him. The story is written without a touch of sentiment, in a spirit of tender pity. . . . The two others, "The Joy-ride" and "Magenta," are lighter weight—the first I thought a trifle over-whimsical: how could any house, empty or otherwise, have two butlers? In the second, we have again the theme of servants in charge of an empty mansion: in this case, they are a pair of prim, elderly maids, very well aware of their own dignity; there is very good comedy in their being patronised by their former protégée, the youthful Magenta, on her return from town.

FAIRY-TALES—it seems an unwritten law—should always have pictures. Grimm's *Household Tales* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.) have now been illustrated by Mervyn Peake. What an inspiration! This terrifying draughtsman has already a brood of monsters and pirates of his independent fancy: the creator of Captain Slaughterboard has, so far, mated his drawings with tales he himself wrote. I in a way regretted that Mervyn Peake did not illustrate his own recent fantasy-novel, *Gormenghast*, but so alarmingly visual is his use of words that it might be felt his novel needed no further pictures.

The conjunction of Grimm and Peake has resulted in a remarkable volume. Mr. Peake responds to the full to everything in the odd old-German mind of the Grimm Brothers—sometimes harsh and earthy, often comic, frequently bloodthirsty; none the less, elsewhere, poetic, smiling, gay. I had not read Grimm's *Household Tales* since I grew up: as a child, I preferred them to the Hans Andersen fairy-stories, which for my infancy were too melancholy. I think one may have to be grown up to appreciate Hans Andersen; but the Grimms speak in buoyant, rumbustious tones, to children of all ages and any age. Old soldiers, peasants, millers, witches, giants, kings, cooks, stepmothers, dwarfs, robbers, huntsmen, ethereal princesses. . . . And without the animal world, we should have only half the cast—and the illustrator would have only half his fun.

There is a bravado and rakishness in the Mervyn Peake animal drawings which brings out everything in the Grimm donkeys, ravens, mice, lions, dogs, cats, horses and cocks and hens. Best of all, the artist has captured, in his light line drawings, the atmosphere of the longer of the tales—see, for instance, the illustration to "The Hut in the Forest," on page 72. This is a book to snap up while it can still be had: unique, it should have a place in every collector's shelves.

UNCLE ALBERT'S MANUAL OF PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY," by Powell Perry (Perry Colourprint, Ltd.; 15s.), is a nice joke book suitable to give to your sophisticated friends for Christmas. It is, briefly, a parody of the many and excellent manuals on photography we have had lately—officially, it has been published by the late Uncle Albert's dutiful nephew. The photograph illustrations, figuring bull-browed belles of the 'nineties in coy déshabillé, may once have had their place in dear dead-and-gone Uncle Albert's smoking-room drawer: they will now cause innocent laughter to modern aunts. Or, still, are they just faintly naughty? The book is in album form.



"The Cotswold at Shewel Wood"—a typical Michael Lyne painting

A Sporting Artist Returns

Michael Lyne, whose paintings of hunting scenes are so highly regarded, is at present holding, at a Bond Street gallery, his first exhibition since the war



The artist with his wife and son Edward—and two family friends



Strachan — Cox

Capt. Duncan Neilson Strachan, Scots Guards, only son of the late Surg.-Col. E. A. Strachan, Life Guards, and of Mrs. Strachan, of Crail House, Crail, married Miss Rosemary Claire Cox, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. A. M. Cox, of Longforgan, near Dundee, at All Souls, Invergowrie

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Edwards — Haughton

Mr. Gordon Ashley Edwards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Edwards, of 103, Riversmead Court, S.W.6, married Miss Susan Elizabeth Haughton, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Steele Haughton, of the Manor House, Haddenham, Cambridgeshire, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Strutt — Bols

Mr. Mark Frederic Strutt, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Strutt, of The Wick, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, married Mrs. Estelle Elaine Bols, daughter of Sir Thomas Berney, Bt., and Mrs. E. Dorman-Smith, at St. Andrew's, Boreham, near Chelmsford



Lockhart-Mummery — Crerar

S/Ldr. Hugh Evelyn (Lyn) Lockhart-Mummery, F.R.C.S., younger son of Mr. J. P. Lockhart-Mummery, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Lockhart-Mummery, of 149, Harley Street, W.1, married Miss Jean Crerar, daughter of Sir James and Lady Crerar, of Church House, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Howe — Cochran

Major T. A. Kingsley Howe, Royal Signals, eldest son of Canon and Mrs. S. F. Howe, of the Rectory, Valencia Island, Co. Kerry, Ireland, married Mrs. Penelope Cochran, daughter of Sir Henry Twynam, Governor of the Central Provinces, India, and Lady Twynam, of Home Farm, Sway, Hants.



Royde Smith — Willbourn

Mr. John Graham Royde Smith, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Royde Smith, of Conisboro, Rickmansworth Road, Watford, married Miss Elizabeth Jessie Willbourn, daughter of Mr. E. S. Willbourn, of 22, St. John's Avenue, Bridlington, Yorks.

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by Dorothy Gray

Regd.

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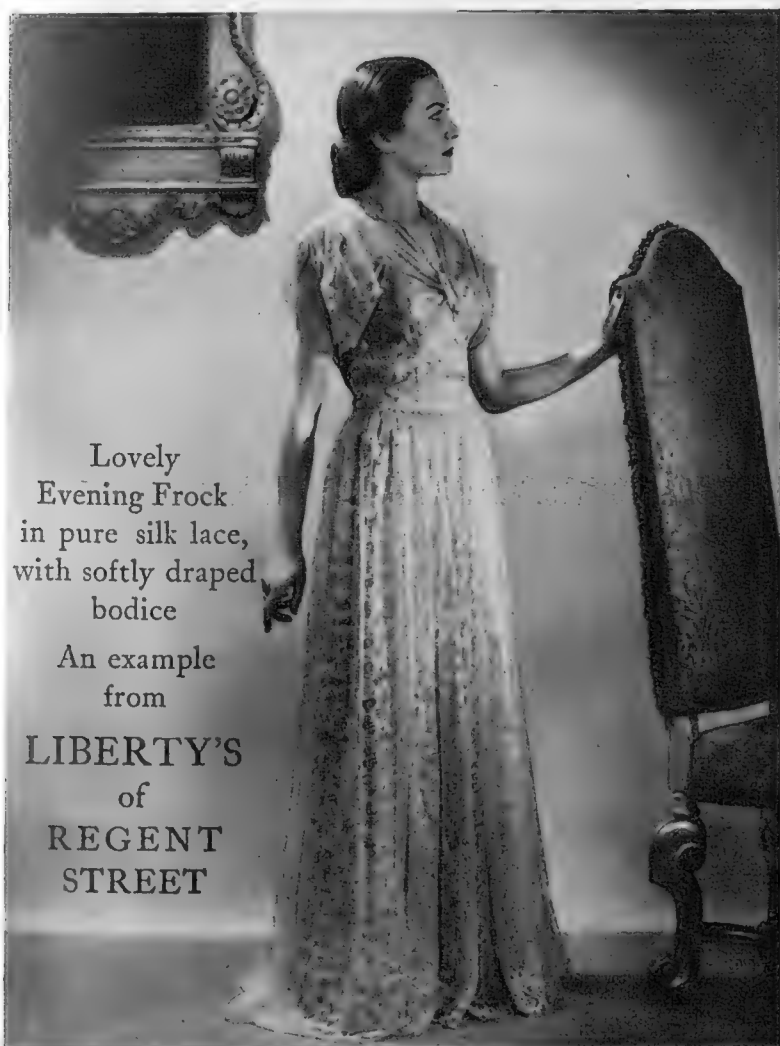
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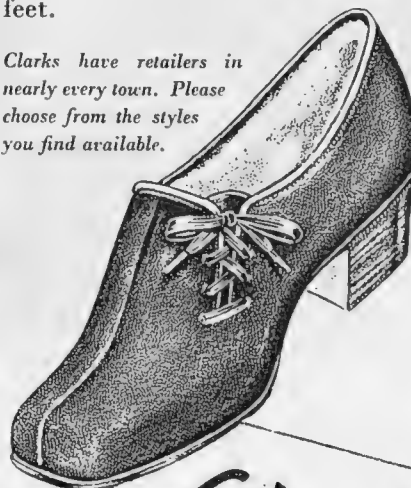
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**FASHION
PAGE**
by
**Winifred
Lewis**

The International Aeronautical Exhibition has brought heavy bookings for Paris and a quite unusual display of smart and practical travel clothes. The passenger going aboard the British European Airways new Viking air-liner has teamed her long-coated Brenner Sports suit with a matching brown felt hat, feather-trimmed, from Aage Thaarup. The brown leather handbag is from Revelation.

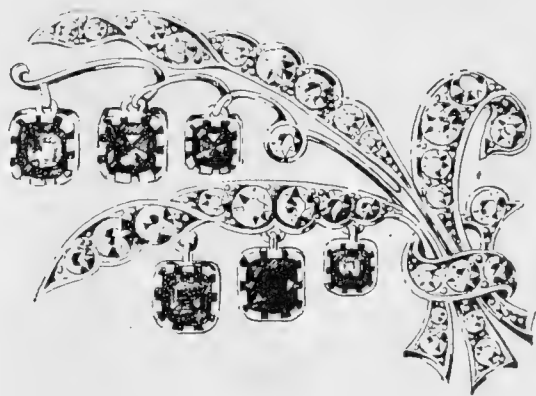
The traffic clerk is wearing the new uniform designed by Dorville for B.E.A. in the air-line colours of blue-grey with red facing.

Photographs by Joysmith



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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

THE central fact about blind landing equipment seems to be that there isn't any. Equipment for landing in low visibility exists here and there, but the visual judgment of the pilot is required for the touch-down. Equipment for landing in dense fog, without any direct visual judgment, has been invented and publicized; but it does not appear to be working on the world's airways.

It does not even seem to be working—if I may be permitted a digression—on the world's railways. Railway schedules are still wrecked by dense fog. Yet the basic principles of blind landing equipment are applicable to blind railway train running.

Why the Delay?

IF radar devices were as advanced as their publicity agents suggest we should not still hear, on a foggy morning, the bang of fog signals on the railway lines. Civil flying is in the same stage of development for combating fog as are the railways. But why it is taking so long to introduce better methods I do not know.

It should have been possible by now to introduce some kind of effective blind landing device as standard equipment. But blind flying—apart from blind landing—was never so easy as it was supposed to be. I went through a course of it when it was a comparatively new thing, and a high degree of concentration was needed if the aircraft was to be kept under full control all the time and to be made to do all the things that its pilot desired.

Pilot Still Essential

ALL of which makes one wonder if the radio-controlled aeroplane has reached the pitch of perfection which the newspapers sometimes suggest. Could it do all the things that the piloted aeroplane can do? And if it can, why not the driver-less railway train?

It would presumably be more efficient in some ways if the air liners of the world were to be directed from the control room on the ground. Many risks would thus be eliminated and the whole of the traffic movement in any area could be studied together and co-ordinated.

Perhaps one day we shall dispense with the pilot. But it appears that it will not be just yet. In the end the machine can be made to do most jobs better than the man; but the process of handing over is always a long one—much longer than the mechanical enthusiasts lead one to suppose.

Speed AND Duration

IT is good news that the Blériot prize for the first pilot to maintain more than 1,000 kilometres an hour on a closed circuit for half an hour is still open for competition. There was some misunderstanding about this prize at the time of the world record work at Rustington. It was then thought that the prize had been offered for the first man to pass the 1,000 kilometres an hour mark (621 miles an hour). The duration part was not clearly appreciated.

There were rumours in Paris that a French pilot was to attempt to win the Blériot prize and that the aircraft would be the Leduc jet-propelled machine. This aircraft has a jet engine of the athodyd type, without moving parts, and in consequence it has to be started by being launched at a fairly high speed in mid-air.

When once the jet has begun to work it will continue, provided the speed keeps up enough. And it seems that the rules say nothing against the record aircraft being launched from another one or by catapult. All that matters, in order to conform with the rules, is that the aircraft shall make a normal landing, with the pilot on board, and that the aircraft shall be undamaged.

Giants

THE first flight of the Constitution, which is by far the largest landplane in the world, was successful. Gradually we shall learn to weigh up the value of weight through the operational service of this and other large aircraft.

Two views prevail at present, one that the ultra-large machine offers the only hope of avoiding traffic congestion at the airports of the future; and the other hope of providing passengers with real luxury in flight. The other view is that the aircraft should look upon itself as resembling the bus more nearly than the train and that the object should be not to carry enormous numbers of people all at once; but to carry much fewer people at frequent intervals.

Aircraft will have to go through the same experimental period as ships before we know much about optimum sizes. My own views are that the Constitution is already too big for a landplane; but that flying boats ought to aim for much larger sizes than anything yet planned—including even the Hughes boat.

The flying boat is essentially the large-size aircraft. It is the aircraft which will be able to give luxury travel and that without too greatly straining its resources. I do hope we in Britain do not lose sight of the advantages of the flying boat. It is particularly good to know that Saunders-Roe are working at their new design with such enthusiasm.



Hay Wrightson

Brigadier T. Carleton Harrison, who was recently decorated by the King with the C.B.E. for his services during the war. He was in command of one of the anti-aircraft brigades of Ack Ack Command, which was directly responsible for frustrating the flying bomb attacks on this country during 1944 and 1945



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The African elephant is usually capricious, but Dicksie shows signs of developing a very steady temperament

Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

DICKSIE, the young African elephant, has been at the London Zoo only just over a year. During that time he has learnt all the tricks of the elephants' trade! The most important of these, to an elephant, is how to extract tit-bits from an adoring public. Dicksie's method is both simple and speedy; he starts at one end of the enclosure and shuffles slowly round the crowd, at the same time rapidly presenting his trunk to all and sundry. This goes on all day, up and down the line in rotation.

Dicksie came over from Kenya with the Zoo's first post-war collection. The start of the long journey from East Africa to England was not too happy for the big baby. First, a very large and strong crate had to be constructed, giving him as much space as possible, compatible with rail length limits. The resulting crate was not too roomy. Whilst in the railway yards prior to loading, hundreds of natives watching the animals being entrained frightened and excited them. Dicksie hearing the clamour tried to turn round in his stall, just managed it—but snapped one of his tusks off almost at the root.

It is growing again now, but it will always be some six or eight inches shorter than the other one. The missing tusk fell out of the crate and was brought into the Game Warden's department in Nairobi after the animals had left. It has just been sent over to the Zoo and now reposes on a little stand on the superintendent's desk at Regent's Park.

AFRICAN elephants differ somewhat from the Indian species. Slightly smaller, with a much more uncertain temperament, they very rarely qualify for the job of taking youngsters for rides.

Dicksie may, of course, be an exception. Up to now his conduct has not only been exemplary, but his intelligence also appears to be of a very high standard. For instance, it was not many months before he was putting his trunk through the bars of his cage and turning the door handle to let his keeper in.

When his original custodian came to see him, after an absence of some months, pleasure was expressed by sidling up to the bars and lifting up his front feet alternately.

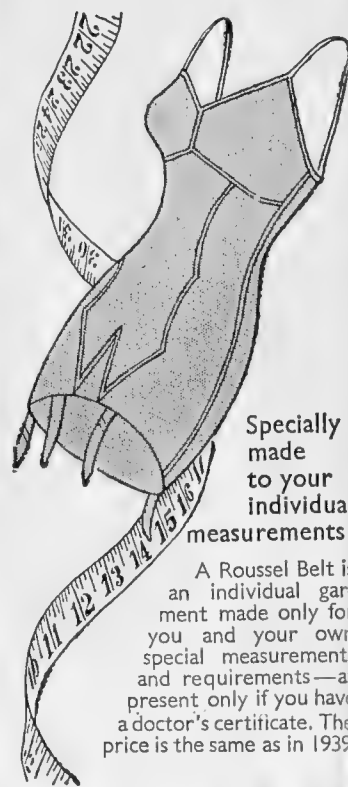
Out With The Cowdray



Garland, Petworth

Viscountess Cowdray at the opening meet of the Cowdray at Midhurst, Sussex, with her two daughters, the Hon. Teresa Pearson (left), and the Hon. Jane Pearson. Viscountess Cowdray was formerly Lady Anne Bridgeman, daughter of the fifth Earl of Bradford

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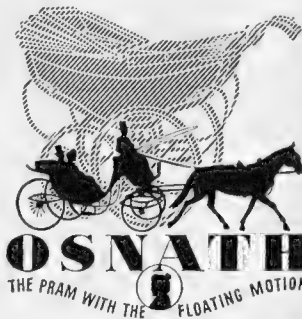
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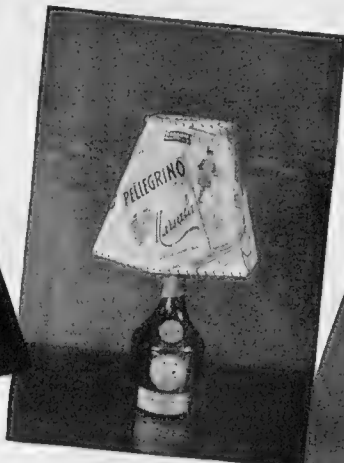
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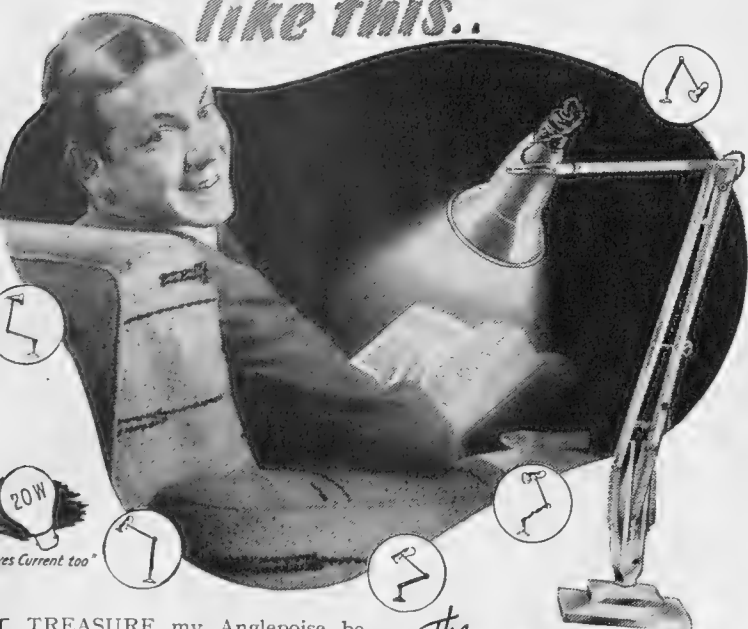
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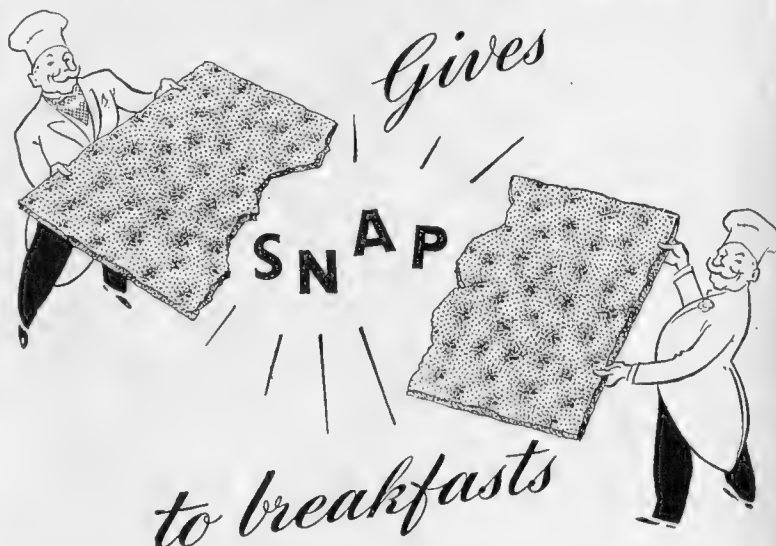
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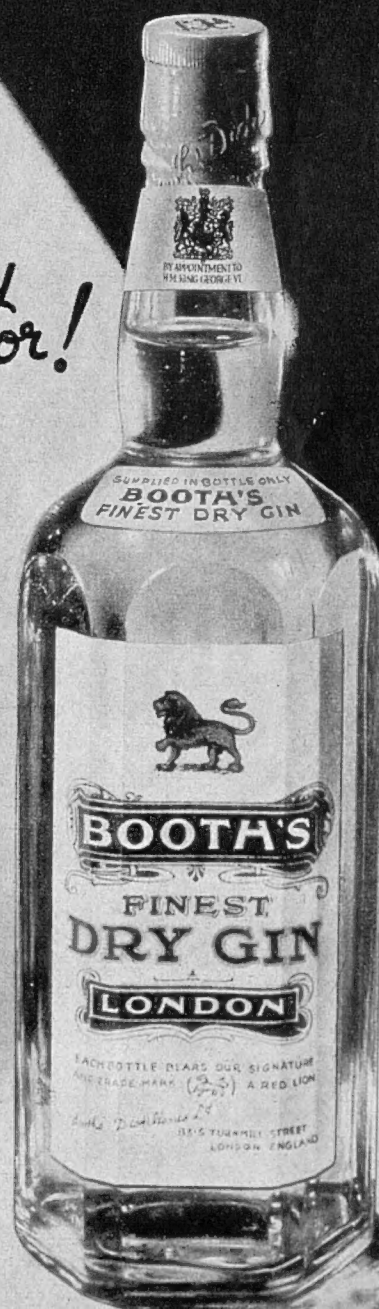
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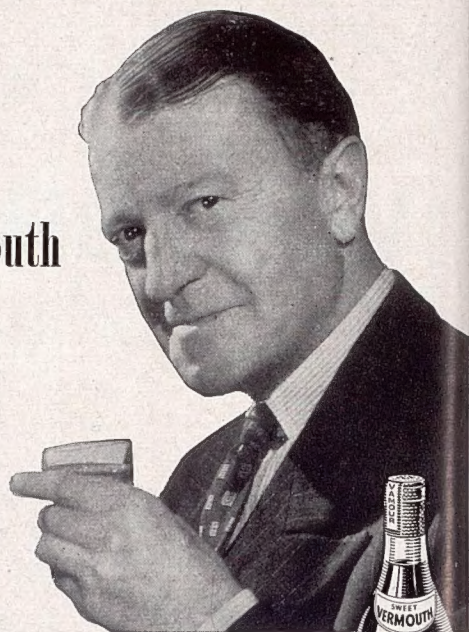
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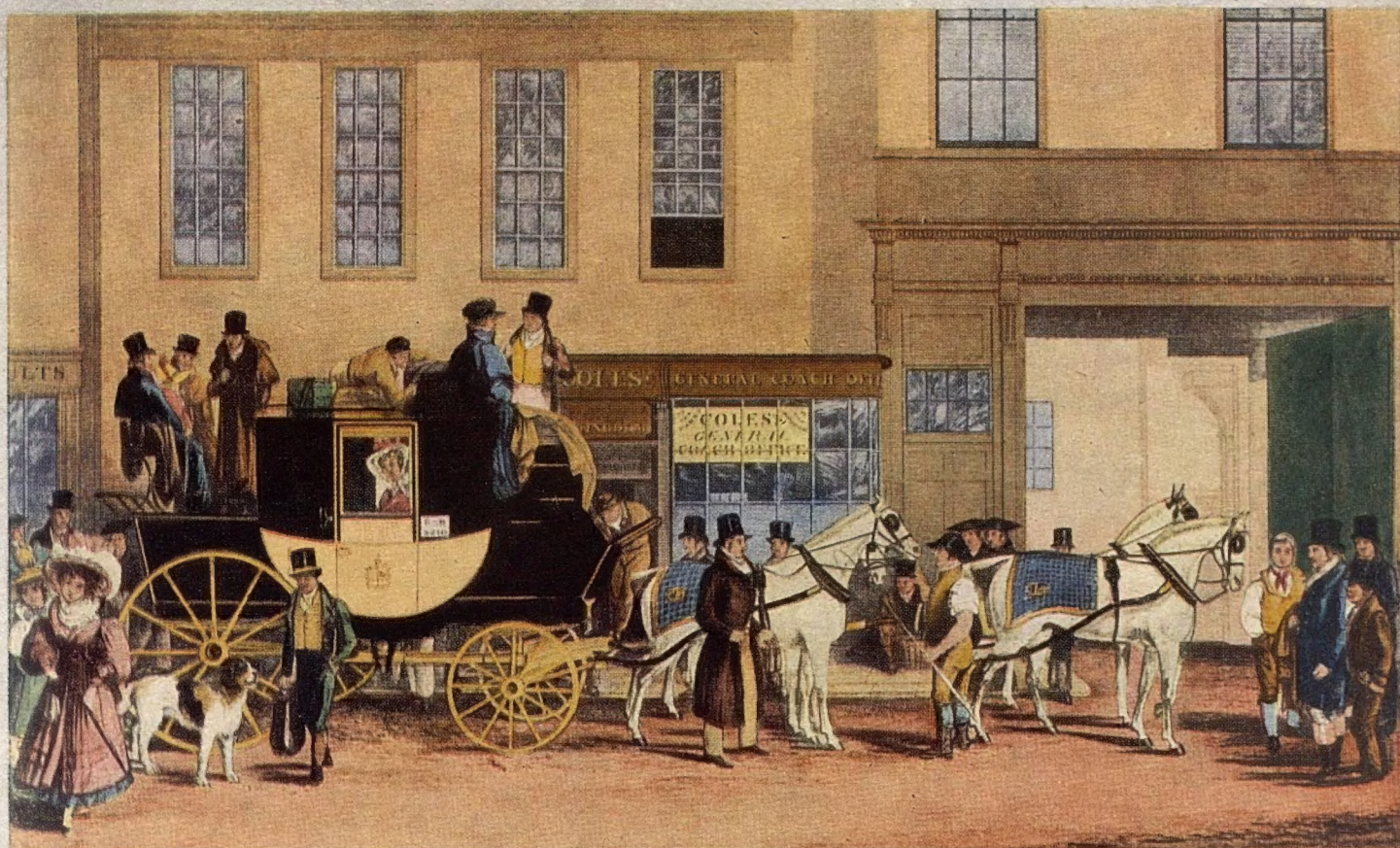
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S.P.26



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